



No. 359.—Vol. XXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



MAJOR SCOTT TURNER, OF THE ROYAL HIGHLANDERS, KILLED IN THE SORTIE FROM KIMBERLEY ON NOV. 28.

TELEGRAM FROM SIR REDVERS BULLER: "Frere Camp, Dec. 8.—Will you express to relations of Major Scott Turner, Royal Highlanders, the regret of the whole force out here at the loss of so good an officer?"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LOCK AND WHITFIELD, EALING.



## THE CLUBMAN.

Wherever more than one Englishman is to be found, there will be a racecourse and a cricket-ground, and it is not surprising that in Ladysmith Tommy Atkins has been playing football and his officers polo on mules, disregarding "Long Tom's" attentions.

It is always the same. Wherever the Briton goes, he takes his amusements with him. It is confidently said that, when the first explorer reaches the North Pole, he will find a Scotchman sitting on it. If that be so, that Scotchman, to occupy his time, will have laid out golf-links on the surrounding ice, and will have made something very choice in niblicks out of walrus ivory. At Wei-Hai-Wei, the first improvement made in the place was to turn a rice-field into a cricket-ground. It was a poor cricket-ground, but it served at the time. Now there is a much better one, and the six-feet-high soldiers of the Chinese Regiment play the game with their officers, but have not yet been persuaded that the wickets, and not the batsman's legs, are to be aimed at. There is a neat little club-house of the Calcutta Golf Club on the steamy maidan of the City of Palaces, and only last week I saw some cricket-bats that were going out to Omdurman.

There are "sing-songs" nightly in Ladysmith, and two regimental papers there have each a large circulation. Two days after the battle of the Modder River, there was an *embarras de choix* in Lord Methuen's camp of evening entertainments, and men "went on" from the Scots Guards' "sing-song" to the Fighting Fifth's "camp-fire," and finished up the evening by a grilled-sardine and ship-biscuit supper with the 9th Lancers.

It was the same in the days of the Crimea, when Sir Henry de Bathe organised theatricals in the camp before Sevastopol, and the tender love-speeches of the heroine—a heroine with a masculine voice and a nascent moustache—were punctuated by the roar of the Russian guns.

It is the facility the Briton possesses of making amusement for himself wherever he is that makes him such a good colonist and soldier. A Frenchman four thousand miles from home smokes his cigarette and dreams regretfully of the Boulevard des Italiens; a Briton puts up three sticks and a net, and makes the naked heathen in his employ bowl to him, paints a target on the nearest rock and calls the place Wimbledon, schools whatever horseflesh he can lay hands on over hurdles, and is not quite sure whether he would exchange the pleasures of a shirt-sleeve existence, if he could, for the strait-waistcoat of the garments of Society and a tall-hat in Pall Mall.

Sir George White dined on St. Andrew's Day with the officers of the Gordon Highlanders. It is the custom of Sir George to dine on this day either with a Highland regiment or with a Highland Association. During the period that he was Commander-in-Chief in India, he dined, as a rule, on St. Andrew's Day with the Calcutta Scotchmen at their annual banquet. No doubt, Sir George drained the quaigh and exchanged greetings in Gaelic with the Pipe-Major with just as light a heart this year as on former occasions, for he was able to tell his brother soldiers of the messages he had received from General Buller.

The thoughts of Sir George White must have turned often enough on the past St. Andrew's Day to a St. Andrew's Day thirty years ago, when, as a Major of Highlanders, he was with Lord Roberts, who was then only a Major of Artillery, though holding the rank of local Major-General, and who was on the point of being besieged in Sherpur. Between the siege of Sherpur and the siege of Ladysmith there are many similarities. The action Massy fought, in which the Lancers charged to save the guns, was the Nicholson's Nek of the earlier siege, and the unsuccessful attempt made by the Afghans to rush the Sherpur cantonment was something similar to the Boer attempt on the 9th of last month to rush Ladysmith. The conclusion of the Sherpur siege was brought about by the drawing off of the enemy, which enabled General Roberts to re-establish communications.

The Club tactician and strategist is the man of the moment, and most of us wish he was not. He does not flourish so much in the Service Clubs as in the strictly civilian ones. The soldiers and sailors know the impossibility of judging a General's action unless the critic is on the spot, and they also know that a telegram of a few hundred words cannot describe the difficulties of a position; therefore they do not criticise until full details and correct maps of a position are before them. Not so the Club strategist. His place is before the map with the flags on it, which is in the hall or one of the ante-rooms of the Club, and he holds forth to everyone who comes to look at it. He has caught up from the "Military Correspondents" a certain number of stock terms, and talks of frontal attacks, flank and turning movements, as if he were a garrison-instructor, and, with a finger on the Tugela or on the Modder River, gives out with authority what Generals Buller and Methuen should have done and should do. That his only campaigning has been a march from Wellington Barracks to St. James's Palace to see the guard mount, whereas the Generals he criticises have been students of the art of war in the field and the study since they were youths, does not in the least disturb his confidence in his own statements.

Mr. Boscawen, M.P., who presided at the annual dinner of the United Service Club—a Club which must not be confused with the one that has its habitation in the great house opposite to the Athenæum—is a man of many occupations. He is a Captain in the West Kent Militia, and is very likely to find himself ere long a member of the garrison of either Malta or Gibraltar; he is a leading spirit in all charitable enterprise in his part of Kent; and last, but not least, he is a clever amateur actor, and sometimes plays with a little amateur company at Tunbridge Wells.

## THE WAR—WEEK BY WEEK.

The fact that communication has been established by heliograph within the last few days with both Kimberley and Ladysmith has naturally enabled us to get some much-wanted information respecting the garrisons in these places. Among the items of news thus obtained has been one telling how the gallant Major Scott Turner met his death during the memorable sortie from Kimberley on the 28th ult.

From this, it appears that, despite his having been wounded in an engagement that took place three days before, he did not hesitate, when a second attack upon the investing force's position was resolved upon, to again take his accustomed place in the van. On this occasion, the main operations were directed by Colonel Kekewich. Under him was Major Chamier, R.G.A., in command of the artillery, while Scott Turner was at the head of the mounted troops.

The enemy, who were strongly posted in four redoubts, resisted the assault with their usual stubbornness. By a series of splendidly led rushes on the part of our men, however, they were driven from three of these in succession. A large quantity of their ammunition and stores was also captured. During the advance upon the fourth position, a particularly heavy fire was poured upon the attacking party by the Boers, who had gathered here in force. Indeed, so fierce was the fusillade to which they were exposed, that, darkness having set in, our troops were ordered to gradually retire upon Kimberley. Twenty-one, however, had already fallen upon the field, while a further twenty-nine were wounded.

Foremost among the honoured dead was Major Henry Scott Turner. A brave soldier and a thorough officer, in every sense of the word, it is no exaggeration to say that his loss has aroused universal regret throughout the Army. Indeed, Sir Redvers Buller telegraphed to this effect to Lord Lansdowne as soon as the news of his death reached him. His funeral, on the 29th ult., was attended by the whole of the Kimberley garrison, included among them being Mr. Rhodes.

The deceased officer, who belonged to the Black Watch, entered the Army on the last day of 1887. For the past seven years, however, he had been serving with the troops of the British South Africa Company, and in this capacity he went through the Matabele Campaign of 1893. When the more recent Mashonaland operations were in progress, he accompanied Sir Frederick Carrington's force as Adjutant and Paymaster. For his services on this occasion he was "mentioned in despatches" and made a Brevet-Major.

Those who know Lord Methuen will not be surprised to learn that he has not let the grass grow under his feet since his recent victories at Gras Pan and the Modder River. On the contrary, his activity has manifested itself in a striking degree, and there is no doubt that he has again contrived to imbue the Boers with a healthy distaste for lyddite and the business end of a British bayonet.

On Sunday evening, a grave piece of news was received from General Gatacre. While full details are not yet to hand, it seems clear that a serious reverse was experienced by his column on Sunday morning last. Misled as to the strength of the enemy by treacherous guides, he advanced on the previous night with about 2500 men against the Boer commando at Stormberg. Shortly before reaching this position, at daybreak, a hot fire was poured upon his troops, and it was immediately seen that the enemy greatly outnumbered them. As they were also in a practically impregnable position, Gatacre was compelled to order a gradual retirement upon Molteno, about twelve miles in rear. On arriving at this place, the roll was called, and it was then found that our loss amounted to 2 killed, 26 wounded, and over 600 missing. The majority of these latter belonged to the Suffolk and Dorset Regiments.

At the time of writing, news is hourly expected of the commencement of Buller's advance to the relief of Ladysmith. Until the bridging of the Tugela, however, is completed, progress on a large scale cannot take place. Fortunately, the Engineers with General Clery at Frere are amply supplied with the requisite stores, and the construction of the necessary bridge will soon be accomplished. General Buller, who arrived at Frere Camp at the end of last week, has just sent home a message received by him from Sir George White.

This was to announce that, on Friday last, General Hunter, under cover of night, took a Boer position known as "Gun Hill." The exploit, which was carried out by 500 of the Natal Volunteers and 100 of the Imperial Light Horse, seems to have been most gallantly performed, and certainly shows that the long siege to which they have been exposed has in no way caused the courage of the garrison to deteriorate. The enemy's position was captured almost as soon as our men reached it, and two guns that were mounted on the hill-slope were destroyed by Captain Fowke and Lieutenant Turner, of the Royal Engineers. The loss to our side was but a single man killed. An officer of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Major Henderson, however, was wounded. Another despatch from Sir George states that the total number of casualties at Ladysmith, from Nov. 1 to Dec. 7, is 31 killed and 145 wounded. Three men are also reported to be still "missing."

At home, continued activity has prevailed in military circles during the past week. In addition to a large number of troops that has been despatched to South Africa, the long-wanted siege-train has at last been shipped from our shores. It has also been announced that a Seventh Division is to be mobilised for active service. In military circles it is privately whispered that this will, in all probability, be shortly followed by yet another one. Then, to adopt the terminology of the street-humorist, "we shall not be an extended period!"





PRACTICE THAT CAME IN USEFUL AT MODDER RIVER: THE 1ST COLDSTREAM GUARDS CONSTRUCTING A BRIDGE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.



HOW OUR ROYAL ENGINEERS MADE READY AT HOME FOR BRIDGING THE TUGELA.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.





MISS KATE CUTLER,  
WHOSE WHISTLING SONG IS SO CHARMING IN "FLORODORA," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.



## ABOUT ATHLETICS.

BY W. YARDLEY.

On Tuesday of last week the annual meeting of County Cricket Secretaries was held at the Pavilion at Lord's to draw up the Cricket Programme of the coming season of 1900. There is talk of a visit from both West Indian and South African Cricket teams next season, but it seems to me that with regard to the latter everything will depend upon how soon matters in South Africa are settled.

The London County Cricket Club, of which W. G. Grace is the Secretary, have arranged for a considerably increased number of fixtures, both at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere, and it appears probable that such matches will be recognised as first-class fixtures. In the event of the South African team coming over, what ought to prove a decidedly interesting Inter-Colonial contest will take place on June 25 at Lord's.

Benefit-matches will be played on behalf of such deserving cricketers as H. Butt, W. Brockwell, J. T. Hearne, Mead, Mold, Martin, Shrewsbury, and Soar.

A Benefit on different lines to the above will be accorded by Yorkshire County to Moorhouse, who has done good service for many years. It will take the shape of a subscription of £500 by his grateful county.

The Oxford and Cambridge match is fixed for July 5 and two following days, the Eton and Harrow match for June 13 and 14, at Lord's. It is a pity that the school authorities do not see their way to allow three days for this match. The Gentlemen v. Players match at the Oval is arranged for July 9, and that at Lord's for the 16th. The Canterbury Week commences on the August Bank-Holiday, on Aug. 6, and the matches to be played during that pleasant gathering will be Kent v. Lancashire on the first three days, and Kent v. Surrey on the last three days of the week. The latter match will be for Martin's Benefit.

A new arrangement with regard to the sale of seats for the Inter-University match at Lord's has been come to by the M.C.C. authorities. The sale to members will take place before April 1, whilst applications by the public for tickets can be made on or after Jan. 1, but apparently no sales in this category will be made until after the sales to members by April 1.

The Inter-University Rugby Football match will have taken place by the time this paper is dated to appear. There has been a tremendous rush for seats at the Queen's Club, and the attendance, if the weather is desirable, will have proved, I should think, almost a record, if not quite. Cambridge play eight old Blues, and Oxford seven. Cambridge has an unbeaten record for the season, with nine victories and two draws, whilst Oxford has not done badly with eight wins and three defeats.

The match between Northumberland and Lancashire for the County Championship at Rugby Football at Newcastle proved a "fizzle" owing to fog and frost, for, after each side had scored a try, the game had to be abandoned. Fine weather and a big attendance at Devonport put Devon and Somerset on their mettle, but Devon won decisively by three tries to nothing, thus leaving them champions of the district.

*Mens sana in corpore sano.* In the Cambridge "Specials" the names of a number of prominent athletes occur in the list of passes. Of these the cricketers, C. E. M. Wilson, J. H. Stogdon, and A. G. Fernie, are specially prominent; of footballers, R. W. Bell and W. Copley; of the running-path and other athletic sports, H. W. Workman, the Secretary of the "C. U. A. C.," and L. O. T. Baines, the 'Varsity hammer-thrower, figure. There are others too of rather lesser light in the athletic arena.

What a prodigious worker Mr. Wilson Barrett is! Worthy the best traditions of the Lyceum are his latest achievements, the performance of "The Manxman," "Othello," and "Hamlet" within a very short period, Miss Maud Jeffries being the heroine in each case.

The Terry Amateur Dramatic Club, which is strongly fostered by the Terry family, gave a clever performance of "The Idler," at St. George's Hall, last Thursday. The characters were sustained by Messrs. Ernest Jacobson, Arthur Douglas, Desmond Deane, and Everard Webster, Miss Edith Yeoland, Hon. Ethel Cadogan, Miss Alice Dukes, and Miss Agnes Guedulla.

The Niagara Carnival Fête, given last Friday night in aid of the War Fund, proved a brilliant success, due doubtless in no small measure to the excellence of the tableaux-vivants. Chief among these were a tableau of "Liberty," represented by Mrs. Langtry, and another illustrative of the national colours, "Red, White, and Blue"; while the *pièce de resistance* was certainly a tableau entitled "The Advent of Peace." This was allegorically treated and arranged by Mr. Sidney Ellison, of the Lyric Theatre, and the figures were represented by various members of the "Florodora" company. The Spirit of Peace was personated by the beautiful Miss Athearn; beside her there humbly knelt the Spirit of War (Miss Evie Greene); then, in the foreground to the left, a drummer-boy (Miss Kate Cutler), smartly uniformed, rested against a wheat-sheaf and a quantity of bright fruit; while to the right was a domestic picture of a soldier "at home" (Mr. Roy Horniman) and his wife (Miss Ada Reeve), with their children playing at their side. In the background, two Boers might have been detected slouching away, beaten and crestfallen.

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DR. RICHARD GARNETT, C.B.,  
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the Empire. The age of darkness followed, and after it the awakening of the Renaissance, the invention of printing, and the beginning of the modern world. And so vast has been the subsequent productions of books that to-day the volumes borne upon the shelves of several of the greater libraries of the earth are numbered by the hundreds of thousands.

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## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Much gratification has been felt in America at the Queen's remarkably kind and gracious words to the Staff of the Hospital-ship *Maine*, the more so that Her Majesty has commissioned the Duke of Connaught to present, in her name, a Union Jack to the ship. It is rather a curious fact that the Sovereign should always have shown such marked liking for the greatest Republic in the world. During the famous visit of the Prince of Wales to the United States, his parents and the then President, Mr. Buchanan, a bluff Republican of the old school, were in constant communication; and when, long after, Miss Buchanan visited this country, she was received at Windsor, where the Queen personally expressed her gratitude for the great kindness and courtesy that had been shown by the President and his family to the youthful "Lord Renfrew," of whom the President had written, "In our domestic circle he has won all hearts; his free and ingenuous intercourse with myself evinced both a kind heart and a good understanding." Another reason why Her Majesty has always had a special liking for the Land of the Stars and Stripes is owing to the fact that the very last piece of work done by the Prince Consort was that of composing and writing a draft concerning the seizure of the *Trent*, over which the British Government had taken a very determined tone, and one which the Prince felt, if not checked, would certainly lead to war. Thanks, however, to his prompt and tactful interference, this country avoided what must have been one of the most disastrous and useless contests in which two English-speaking nations could have been engaged.

The American nurses and doctors attached to the *Maine*, who were entertained at Windsor Castle and conducted over the Queen's Private Apartments, must have been both astonished and gratified at the aspect of the Royal Suite. There are no rooms like them in the world, for not only are they magnificent *per se*, but they are furnished in unequalled style. There are no less than three Drawing-rooms: the White, the Green, and the Red. In the first-named, the golden decorations are relieved by portraits of the Queen and the Prince Consort at the time of their marriage, Prince Albert being attired in a German "Jäger's" uniform, which subsequently formed a model for the dress of the Rifle Brigade, of which he was Colonel. In this room there are also portraits of Queen Charlotte, in red; the Prince of Wales as a child, by Winterhalter; and Frederick Prince of Wales, the father of George III. The Green Drawing-room is distinguished by panels of verdant flowered satin, and is remarkable for the collection of Sèvres china, mostly gathered together by that wicked Marquis of Hertford who served Thackeray for a model in "Vanity Fair." The service of *bleu du roi*, made for the unhappy

Louis XVI., is unique. Moreover, with the exception of two plates either stolen or broken, it is complete. The china in the Green Drawing-room has been valued at £250,000, and any specimens occasionally exhibited in auction-rooms or curiosity-shops, and purporting to come from the Windsor collection of Sèvres porcelain, are frauds.

In the Red Drawing-room the members of the Royal Household generally assemble. Beechey's portrait of the Queen's father, the Duke of Kent, is the most remarkable picture. It has the merit of being singularly

life-like. Beyond the Red Drawing-room is the Royal Dining-room used on State occasions, and severely chaste in decoration. The most conspicuous ornament is Flaxman's wine-cooler, designed for George IV when Prince-Regent. A more useless work of art does not exist, though it has been employed as a font as well as a punch-bowl. The genius of Flaxman cannot be denied in the conception, but I fancy that it was better employed in the famous Nelson Vase, sold some six years ago to the Prince of Wales by Mr. E. Emanuel, of Portsmouth Hard. The Queen's private dining-room is octagonal, and panelled throughout with oak, the only decorations being a portrait by Von Angeli of Her Majesty, and some Gobelin's tapestry. The Long Corridor—in which hangs the portrait of Lord Beaconsfield—the private chapel, and the Queen's bed- and sitting-rooms, with other sleeping-apartments, comprise what may be described as a flat on a royal scale, for it can be quite cut off from every other part of the Castle. The sightseer who inspects the Waterloo Chamber or St. George's Hall has no idea of the comfort and privacy which obtain on the other side of the Great Quadrangle.

Although several of those very near and dear to our Royal Family are now seeing active service in South Africa, only one is married, namely, Prince Adolphus of Teck, to

whose pretty young wife the Queen has lately been paying such marked attention. The marriage of Prince and Princess Adolphus was quite a romance. They became attached to one another while still boy and girl, and long before there was any question of Princess Victoria Mary of Teck becoming our future Queen. The marriage of the Duke and Duchess of York, of course, greatly modified and altered the position of the Duke and Duchess of Teck's sons. The Queen, however, whose permission had to be asked before a formal engagement could be entered into between Prince "Dolly" and "Lady Meg," was exceedingly pleased that her young kinsman had had the good-taste to choose for his bride the daughter of one of her own oldest and truest friends, Constance Duchess of Westminster. Since his marriage, five years ago,

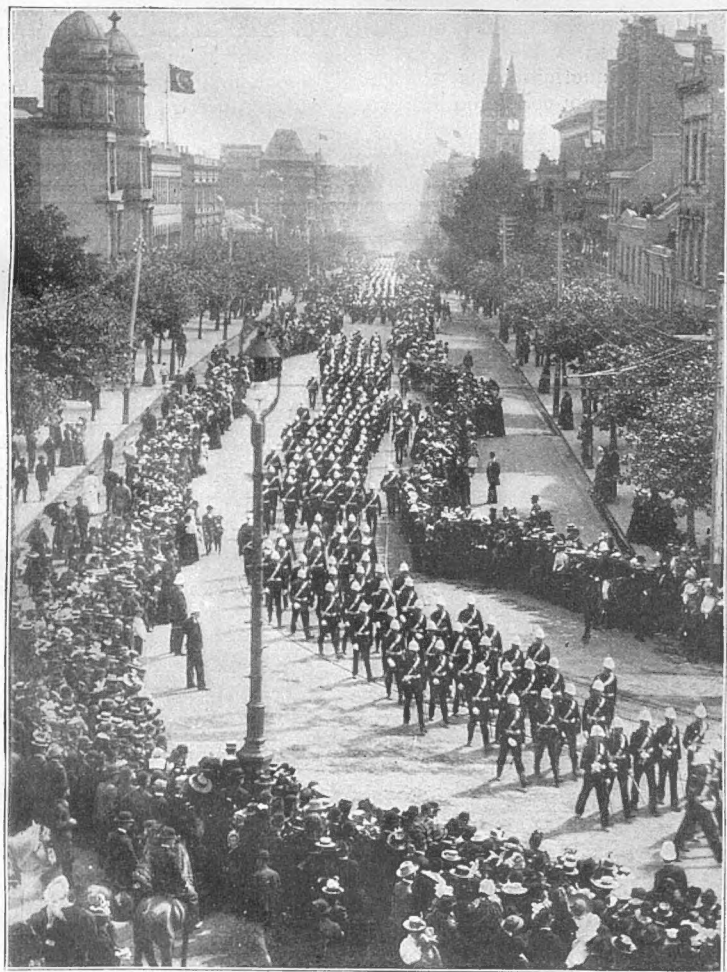


PRINCESS ADOLPHUS OF TECK (DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER) AND HER YOUNGEST CHILD. HER HUSBAND IS NOW ON HIS WAY TO SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo by Miss Alice Hughes, Gower Street.



Prince Adolphus of Teck has not allowed anything to interfere with his profession, and the Princess spent the year following her wedding in one of the quietest of provincial towns; but, of course, her father's splendid town-mansion, Grosvenor House, was always ready to receive her and her popular husband. The youngest of her three children,



VICTORIA CONTINGENT FOR THE TRANSVAAL: TROOPS MARCHING THROUGH MELBOURNE ON OCT. 28.

*Photo by Bishop, Prahran.*

who was born on the eve of Prince Adolphus' departure for the Cape, made its appearance at Grosvenor House. The Duchess of York is very fond of her young sister-in-law, who will spend part of the winter at Sandringham Cottage.

Those who do not happen to be familiar with the numerous and complicated ramifications of Royal relationships will probably have been surprised at the great interest evinced by Her Majesty in the fate of gallant Major Count Gleichen, who was wounded in the neck at Modder Bridge. Very soon after the engagement, Lord Methuen sent the Queen a special telegram exactly describing Count Gleichen's condition. Major Count Gleichen is not only great-nephew to Her Majesty, he is also the great-grandson of her beloved mother, the Duchess of Kent, his grandmother having been the Queen's half-sister, Princess Feodore of Hohenlohe-Langenburg. His own father, Prince Victor, was for some fifty years one of the most popular figures in English Society, for, after having had a distinguished career in the British Navy—he served in the Crimea and was present at the taking of Kertch—he married, in 1861, Miss Laura Seymour, the beautiful daughter of the well-known Admiral of that name.

The story goes that, some indiscreet friend having observed to him that his wife could never share his princely title, he answered, "Then I will surrender it. My wife shall certainly bear my name"; and henceforth he was known as "Count Gleichen," and settled down as the one really first-rate Royal sculptor the world has ever seen, his charming studio at St. James's Palace having witnessed the completion of many admirable works, notably the fine statue of Lord Beaconsfield at the Conservative Club. Prince Victor's talent has been inherited by his clever daughter, Countess Feodora Gleichen. The present Count Gleichen, who was his father and mother's only son, early decided to make the Army his profession. After having been a popular Charterhouse boy, he went to Sandhurst, joining the Grenadier Guards at the age of nineteen. Since then he has been a hard-working officer, devoted to his profession, and, like so many modern soldiers, wielding with equal ability the pen and the sword. "With the Camel Corps up the Nile" was a vivid account of the Nile Expedition of 1884-85; "With the Mission to Menelik" gave an amusing picture of the trials and adventures that befell Mr. Rodd and his little band during their visit to Abyssinia. It is to be hoped that he will ultimately publish some record of the present campaign. Count Gleichen is, of course, on terms of brotherly intimacy

with all the younger members of the Royal Family, and, though rumours of his marriage have sometimes been current, he has, so far, elected to remain one of the most popular bachelors in London Society.

Few people seem to have identified Mrs. Earle, the mother of the brilliant young officer who was killed in South Africa last week, with the charming and sympathetic author of "Pot-pourri from a Surrey Garden." Mrs. Earle sent two sons to the front. In her first book are some touching references to the fact that she was the mother of sons and not of daughters, and her chapter on the question of how lads should be treated at the hobbledoy age aroused a good deal of attention and comment when "Pot-pourri" was first published. There is something infinitely sad and tragic in the thought of this terrible bereavement following immediately after a great literary triumph, and one which occurred at a time of life when few lady writers have ever had a chance of distinguishing themselves in such a fashion. It is a curious coincidence that Mrs. Earle's husband died from an accident almost immediately after the publication of her first book; that is to say, about two years ago. The death of Captain Earle places in deep mourning Lady Lytton, young Lord Lytton, Lady Betty Balfour, and the whole Bulwer family, for Lady Lytton is a sister of Mrs. Earle.

Lord Balcarras, who is engaged to be married to Miss Pelly, a granddaughter of Lord Wemyss, is one of the young men of good birth and fair talent who act as Parliamentary private secretaries. He is generally useful to the Chief Secretary for Ireland, just as Mr. George Wyndham was generally useful to Mr. Arthur Balfour. By this means our future rulers gain much insight into official life. How far they are allowed to draw the veil depends on the temperament of their chief. Lord Balcarras sits frequently on the Bench next to that occupied by the Ministers, but his voice is quite unfamiliar to the House of Commons. There is plenty of time for him to acquire practice in debate, as he is only twenty-eight. He is the handsome son of a handsome mother, and although, like his father, the Earl of Crawford, he shows a certain reserve, he looks thoroughly modest and amiable, and he is exceedingly active.

Major the Hon. North de Coigny Dalrymple-Hamilton, of the Scots Guards, who was severely wounded at Belmont, is the second son of the Earl of Stair. He joined the Guards in 1871, and was present with his regiment at the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir. In the Soudan Expedition of



MAJOR THE HON. N. DE C. DALRYMPLE-HAMILTON, WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF BELMONT.

*Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.*

1885 he was Brigade-Major of the Brigade of Guards, and was wounded in an action at Hasheen. Major Dalrymple-Hamilton has had several important Staff appointments in the Southern District and at Aldershot, and was for some time Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Connaught.



Mr. Charles Williams, the veteran Special War-Correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*, has done famous service as a strong and independent military writer for that journal, alike as an old and experienced campaigner in the field and at the desk in Salisbury Square, where Mr. Frank Lloyd presides in such a kind-hearted and considerate manner over the great printing establishment founded by the late Mr. Edward Lloyd. Though Mr. Williams has left the *Chronicle* (transferring his Diary of the War to the *Morning Leader*), he has reason to shake hands with himself on the latest benefit he was in a position to confer on the daily he has worked for so long. It was a gallant New South Wales Lancer, Mr. O'Donoghue, who got through one of the earliest detailed accounts of the Modder River Battle to the *Chronicle*. And I hear that it was through Mr. Charles Williams's intimacy with our foremost Commanders that Mr. O'Donoghue was pushed to the front with Lord Methuen's splendid fighting Division.

Talking of Press matters, I hear Mr. Massingham, the late Editor of the *Chronicle*, is on the War Path again—or, in this connection, I should, perhaps, say, Path of Peace, for he is said to be seeking to induce wealthy politicians who share his views on the Boer Difficulty to start a new Liberal daily under his guidance. Capitalists are also being tempted to provide the funds for a new penny illustrated daily; and a halfpenny rival to the masterly millionaire *Daily Mail* is likewise on the stocks. The more, the merrier!

To the series of *Sketch* portraits of War Specials at "the Front"—started in our militant Literary Supplement on Nov. 29 with life-like photographs of MM. Henry H. S. Pearse, Bennet Burleigh, Melton Prior, and W. T. Maud—I have the pleasure of adding the counterfeit presentments of a few other members of the plucky Press band who are serving the public and their papers so well. Mr. Ernest Smith is one of the most indefatigable of this fearless and hard-working "Press Gang." His ability as a graphic narrator of the severely contested battles round Ladysmith has been amply proved by his admirable despatches and letters to the *Morning Leader*, which smart and handy London halfpenny daily, ably edited and brightly written, is lucky to have secured so energetic a representative at the Seat of War. Mr. Ernest Smith has been one of the Press companions of Mr. Melton Prior with Sir George White's

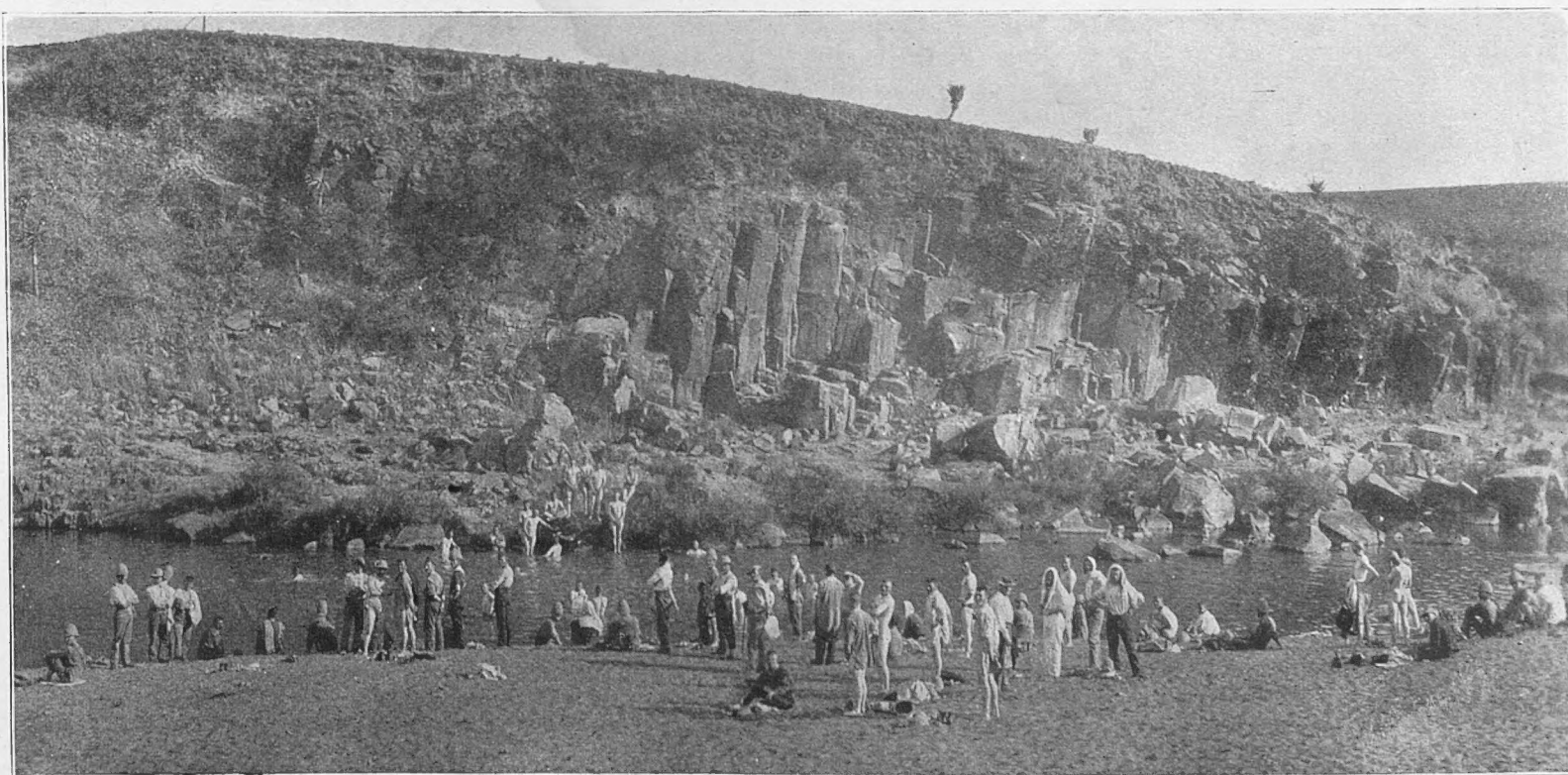
forces, and has repeatedly described in the happiest manner the circumstances under which the famous Special War-Artist of *The Illustrated London News* has made the interesting sketches he has forwarded to London so promptly. If you look at page 823 of last Saturday's *Illustrated London News*, you will see that Mr. Prior has drawn Mr. Ernest Smith, by the side of the Rev. E. G. F. Macpherson, comforting the wounded Gloucesters and Irish Fusiliers at Nicholson's Nek.



MR. E. W. SMITH, WAR-CORRESPONDENT OF THE "MORNING LEADER" AT LADYSMITH.

"From grave to gay," I pass, in order to offer my felicitations to Mr. F. C. Burnand on the commendably bright and varied "*Punch Almanac* for 1900." It is exceptionally attractive. Fresh humours from Phil May, Raven-Hill, Bernard Partridge, E. T. Reed, Reginald Cleaver, Gordon Browne, and other members of *Punch's* staff keep the game alive, and prepare for the study of Mr. E. J. Wheeler's Doyle-like and wonderfully clever page of minute character-sketches, "Mr. *Punch's* Camera," and then for the agreeable task of identifying the historic figures in Mr. Linley Sambourne's elaborate four-page cartoon, the Century's "Roll of Fame." For his ever good-humoured share in enlivening the realm for a considerable portion of the past century, Mr. *Punch* well deserves to be crowned with laurel, after the fashion of Mr. Reed's graceful design on the cover. Bravo, Burnand!

If by any wonderful chance my long-delayed ship should come home ere the Old Year has gone out, I should certainly book "Ye New Walnut Rooms" of the Grand Hotel for a Christmas-dinner to my many good friends. Added to the reposeful colouring of an old Baronial Hall are all the luxurious embellishments that Good Taste (in the person of Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A.) could conceive and design, and that Messrs. Maple could realise. The first of the series of magnificent Gordon Hotels to be established by the company of which Mr. Frederick Gordon is the head, the Grand remains unsurpassed for comfort and good management. It is safe to say a good share of the £120,000 expended during the past year in enlarging and yet further improving the Grand Hotel has gone in putting the crown of perfection to the beautiful Walnut Suite already alluded to. I know of no handsomer banqueting-room for military dinners or feasts of City Companies, whose epicurean palates the Grand chef would have no difficulty in satisfying.



SULTRY TIMES IN SOUTH AFRICA: "TOMMIES" HAVING A BATHE AFTER A HARD DAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ONE OF OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS AT LADYSMITH, MR. G. LYNCH



Major Charles Robert Gwatkin, second son of the late Major-General Gwatkin, Superintendent of the Government Stud in India, was born in 1809, and gazetted to the 60th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry in 1825. He served in the first Afghan War, under General Pollock, in the relief of General Sale at Jellalabad, was wounded in Khyber Pass, and received the war-medal; he was appointed Commissariat Officer and Interpreter to his regiment. He was a keen sportsman, first-rate at billiards, and one of the best gentlemen jockeys of his day. I have the pleasure of printing this hale veteran's portrait.

Mr. Neilly, one of the War Specials of the *Pall Mall*, is the son of a Dublin Pressman. Having a taste for military matters, in addition to his inherited interest for journalism, Mr. Neilly went in for regular training as a Military Correspondent, and served for some years in an Irish Militia regiment. Mr. Neilly did some excellent special work on the occasion of the outbreak of cholera in Hamburg some years ago. He is well acquainted with South African affairs generally, the present being his third visit to that continent. On his second visit—in 1898—he travelled over a great extent of the country, including the Transvaal and Orange Free State, and contributed sundry articles to the Press on his experiences and impressions of such places as Pretoria, Johannesburg, Laing's Nek, Majuba Hill, &c., with an account also of an interview he had with President Kruger. He is about thirty-two years of age.

Mr. George Green, whose portrait I reproduce as the Special Correspondent at Kimberley for the *Daily Telegraph*, is as well versed in South African politics as any man may be and keep his reason. For five years he was chief sub-editor of the *Cape Times*, and left that paper only to become editor of the *Diamond Fields' Advertiser*, the Kimberley daily owned by Dr. Rutherford Harris and run in the Progressive interest. It says something for Mr. Green's eloquent pen

that, at the last election, Kimberley went "solid" for his policy, returning four Progressives to Parliament. We have had a taste of his humour in the now famous "cooking-pot" cable. I heartily wish him complete safety throughout the war, and the best of luck in getting his capital messages through to the *Daily Telegraph*.

Lady Marling, who has forwarded a Christmas parcel to each member of the "A" Squadron of the 18th Hussars, now at Ladysmith, is the mother of Major Percival Scrope Marling, V.C., who is in command of that regiment in the beleaguered town around which so much interest just now centres. This gallant soldier won his Victoria Cross at the Battle of Tama, in 1884, when he saved the life of a private in the Sussex Regiment by putting him on his horse and taking him to a place of safety under a heavy fire. Major Marling has seen much fighting in Africa, both during the last Boer War and also in the Egyptian Campaign at Tel-el-Kebir, Kassassin, El Teb, the Suakin Campaign, the Khartoum Expedition of 1884-85, and at the Battles of Abu Klea, El Gubat, Metemneh, and in all the Desert operations with the Camel Corps under the late Sir Herbert Stewart.

We are all hoping that the siege of Mafeking is raised, and that its plucky defenders will not have fought so long and arduously in vain. The place is one that, in the opinion of military experts, is certainly not worth fighting for, its value, if any, being political, and not strategical. Indeed, it is somewhat puzzling to understand the Boer anxiety to possess it; probably they desired to seize the place from which the hated Jameson Raid emanated, and little thought to find so stubborn a resistance. It was only in July that that gallant officer Colonel Baden-Powell left London with instructions to raise an Irregular force for the defence of the border, and his task was presumably incomplete when war was declared. The toughness of the material he has obtained is another proof of his discrimination in selecting men.



MAJOR GWATKIN, SAID TO BE THE OLDEST LIVING OFFICER OF OUR ARMY.

Photo by Esmé Collings, West Brighton.



MR. JAMES EMERSON NEILLY, WAR-CORRESPONDENT OF THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE."

Photo by Mansfield, Dublin.



MR. GEORGE GREEN, KIMBERLEY CORRESPONDENT OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

Photo by James Watson and Co., Cape Town.



The peculiar American vivacity which is the natural endowment of our cousins from over the sea forms no small part of the heritage of Miss Julie Ring. Slight of figure, delicate of colouring, she has that particular fairness to which photography is unable, in its present condition of development, to do justice, and, unlike the generality of mortals, she is much prettier than her picture suggests. Her early



MISS JULIE RING.

*Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*

connection with the stage was in America, for she comes of a theatrical family, her grandfather having been one of the leading actors at the Boston Museum in its palmy days. In America she acted many parts, among them being Sunshine in "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley," and the soubrette rôles in Miss Pauline Hall's comic-opera company, while in such well-known plays, to English audiences, as "Niobe" and "The Passport" she also took part.

Of recent years, however, she has made England her home, and a couple of years ago she appeared as the Sleeping Beauty at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham, while last year she was engaged at the Coronet, where she played the name-part in "Cinderella." Pantomime, however, with its inevitable two performances a day for several weeks, and its need for the actors to practically live in the theatre, does not commend itself to Miss Ring, and she prefers to devote her abilities to the Halls, where the artist works entirely "on her own," and where the work does not spread itself over the whole evening, but is confined to a single "turn."

Even now, as was shown by our War Correspondent's clever photographs last week, balloons have their great uses in time of war. If the opinion of Continental experts is worth anything, there is little doubt that the conduct of the next great conflict will be much modified by the presence not only of ordinary balloons, but also of various forms of navigable or steered air-ships. The latest invention of the kind is attracting much attention in French military circles. It has been invented by M. Santos Dumont, and the inventor claims that it will be driven on much the same principle as a motor-car—indeed, the motor he now uses was first invented by himself for use in horseless carriages. After endless experiments, he seems to have really solved the problem he set himself, and he hopes to try a number of experiments at Monte Carlo and at Nice. The balloon with which he claims to have already made several successful experiments weighs 150 lb.; the propellers and engines are of aluminium. Any practicable form of air-ship might easily become, under short notice, a frightfully destructive engine of war, far more terrible and destructive in its agency than the naval guns which seem to have struck such terror into the hearts of the Boers. Even the comparatively primitive balloons in use during the Franco-Prussian War were a source of great annoyance to the German Army, as they enabled besieged Paris to communicate with a good deal of freedom, not only with the surrounding districts, but with foreign countries.

It was conjectured by a Presbyterian minister at the Scotch dinner at the Holborn Restaurant on St. Andrew's Day that the patron saint of Scotland might be celebrated even by the soldiers in South Africa. His conjecture proved well-founded. The Gordons, even in Ladysmith, did honour to St. Andrew. Mr. Steevens has hinted that there was plenty of whisky, and it may be assumed that, like the piper at the Holborn Restaurant, who received a dram from Lord Wolseley, they drank it neat. As a rule, the Highlander refuses to spoil whisky with water. The beleaguered Gordons had an appropriate menu. Although it was very limited compared with the menu of the Scottish Corporation in London, it was quite sufficient. Even haggis was not omitted. Just as the average Scot has no affection for the bagpipes in his own country, the majority of Scots nowadays do not honour the chieftain o' the puddin' race till they come to London. Here he eats it on public occasions because it is associated with his country. An interesting dish in the Ladysmith dinner consisted of haddocks on toast. Were they "haddies" from Aberdeen?

Apropos of Mrs. Langtry and her gorgeous khaki frock, I remember her telling me, many years ago, that she was a great believer in sartorial simplicity, though always on the look-out for new materials and new modistic ideas. At one time, khaki coats-and-skirts became the rage, notably in Greater Britain, and more particularly in the West Indies. The dull, full colouring of this kind of linen suits a certain type of beauty admirably, and those young ladies who are looking forward to investing in an Indian trousseau would be well advised to include two well-cut khaki riding-habits in their outfit.

Among those who, in the days when Mr. George Edwardes's predecessor ruled the roost at the Gaiety, were known as the "Vestals of the Sacred Lamp," is Miss Ruby Cooper, who, though unrecognised by the programme-maker, nevertheless contributes, as she has contributed for some time past, her allotted share in the successful representation of "A Runaway Girl," which will have to be rechristened "The Stay-Here Girl" if it goes on much longer. Although bearing a name well known in the theatrical world, she is in no way connected with the famous Cooper family of which Mr. Frank Cooper, till recently Sir Henry Irving's leading man at the Lyceum, is the best-known member.

She is a dark-haired, bright-eyed girl, with a pretty face, as this photograph shows, and with a beautiful set of white, glistening teeth, which the photograph does not show. As Miss Cooper "hates" the



MISS RUBY COOPER, NOW APPEARING AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

*Photo by Brownie and Co., Liverpool.*

chorus, and has been on the stage only a couple of years or less, as she has a good mezzo-soprano voice, and as she is ambitious, there is every reason why she should get on in the profession of which she has enrolled herself a member out of sheer love.



Sir Henry Tate lived to prove that the splendid race of British merchant-princes who love their country more than they do themselves is not yet extinct, however much the modern world may scoff at the universal love of money now extant. It is said that the munificent donor of the Tate Gallery was never happier than when pacing incognito among the humbler crowd of visitors, and hearing them express their *naïf* pleasure at the feast of beauty and colour set before them. Sir Henry was an art-patron after Ruskin's own heart; he delighted in finding out and encouraging obscure geniuses, and in him the artist of to-morrow as well as the artist of to-day has lost a good friend.

Lord Rosebery is a book-lover who, when fascinated with any new volumes, likes to make the acquaintance of its author. During the journey to and from Balmoral, on his recent visit to the Queen, his lordship occupied a part of the time in perusing "Social Life in Scotland in the Eighteenth Century," by Mr. Henry G. Graham, the incumbent of one of the Glasgow city churches, and was so highly impressed with the character of the work that he lost no time in making inquiries regarding its writer. During a brief visit to the Second City, the other day, Lord Rosebery mentioned to his host, Sir James Bell, his desire to meet Mr. Graham, whose volume, by the way, has extorted almost universal praise from reviewers. Needless to add, his lordship's wish was gratified, and Earl and author dined together at Sir James's hospitable table.

Mr. Walter Handel Thorley, the new English composer, who gave such a successful concert of his own works at St. James's Hall on the 5th inst., has been a musician almost from his cradle, and is descended from a well-known musical family. He was a public pianist at eight years of age, and afterwards a vocalist. But latterly he has devoted himself to composition, and has written some works of a very original and elaborate kind. In Germany, Mr. Thorley would be regarded as a "coming man," but we are very slow in recognising native talent. Still, there is every reason to suppose that Mr. Thorley will in future take a prominent position among English musicians. He is also a skilful conductor of the orchestra. Mr. Thorley is a native of Manchester, and has given concerts with much success in the North. Here's Good Fortune to him!

The City Corporation are about to ask Parliament for powers to enable them to throw open to the public the garden in the centre of the great oval formed by Finsbury Circus. The immediate neighbourhood is crowded with the poorest of London's poor, and the opening of the somewhat useless garden will be as great a boon as was that of the Lincoln's Inn pleasure at the instigation of the London County Council; but the idea is likely to be opposed as fiercely by the owners of the great houses in the Circus as was the Council's wish by the legal luminaries round about the more ancient garden.

There is no historical interest attaching to Finsbury Circus except that it is built on the site of that melancholy institution, the second Bethlehem Hospital, at which the new houses in Finsbury Square, built about a century ago, looked, much to the disgust of Mrs. Burney, who earned a rebuke from Dr. Johnson on the subject. The large houses of Finsbury Circus were erected in 1814, and were intended for the residences of business and professional men, but they are mostly occupied as offices. Under the centre of the gardens runs the Metropolitan Railway. There seems little reason to doubt that Parliament will accede to the request of the Corporation, which, fine old crusted Conservative as it is, has an excellent record in the matter of open spaces for its citizens.

The Greek millionaire residing in Paris, M. Daniel Osiris, has instituted perhaps the largest-known perpetual prize, to be awarded every three years, by the judgment of the Institute of France, to the discoverer, inventor, or producer, during the period, of the most noteworthy idea or object for the benefit of humanity. The domains of effort particularly but not exclusively named are surgery and medicine. This prize is to be never less than one hundred thousand francs, and may be nearly double. It is to be awarded to Frenchmen only, except when it falls due at or near the period of a World's Exposition in Paris, when it becomes a universal prize. This prize will be awarded for the first time at the Exhibition of 1900, and it must be conceded that M. Osiris'

idea is more likely to attract foreign enterprise to Paris than the insults lavished on foreigners by certain "patriotic" French journals. A prize of the same value was offered by M. Osiris ten years ago, and was awarded to the architect who put up the Gallery of Machines.

It was this same Cræsus who, a year or two ago, bought from the French Government, who had threatened to have it destroyed, the old residence of the ex-Empress Josephine, the Château of Malmaison. He has restored this château completely, so as to give it all its historic value. Reminiscent of Josephine's frivolous life, it is said that the walls of her private rooms were so impregnated with musk that the odour still lingers there.

To the brain-racked man whose dreams are disturbed with visions of multi-coloured "specials" with the latest war-news, a feeling akin to envy will be aroused at the story of the grey-bearded old patriarch who walked into a police-station in the suburbs of Paris and asked for a shelter. He was one hundred years old, and had spent the whole of his life within a stone-throw of the fortifications, acting as a shepherd. The world had passed him by, and he had never sought it and its worries. He was bewildered when he was told that Louis Philippe was no longer King, and the word "Republic" was Greek to him. During the war of 1870 he had nursed the soldiers, but had never troubled to ask what it was all about. The old pilgrim will finish his days in the calm of an almshouse.

The French Socialists are holding a Congress in order to deliberate on the case of the Minister of Commerce, M. Millerand. M. Millerand is the leader of the Parliamentary wing of the Socialist Party, and five out of the six groups into which the party is divided are of opinion that he has violated his profession of principles by consenting to enter a Cabinet made up of non-Socialists, and that he should be disavowed. M. Millerand has had a rapid rise to power. He is only thirty-nine.

The Fates hold the future of M. Millerand, but there is little doubt about the future of the French Socialists. Formed in 1879, this party had, fourteen years later, the political preponderance in thirty Communes, more than one hundred candidates for the Chamber, and six hundred thousand members. To-day it is represented in the Ministry, and one of its most revolutionary members, M. Jules Guesde, has just posed his candidature for the Senate.

Colonel Pole-Carew, who distinguished himself with the Guards at Belmont in Lord Methuen's recent action, and threw the bridge over the Modder a few days later, is, like

Sir Redvers Buller and the late General Symons, a West Countryman. Like the Bullers, his family is a Devonshire one, a branch of which migrated to Cornwall centuries ago. Colonel Carew is the head of this branch; he is, I believe, a bachelor, is devoted to his profession, and has seen a good deal of service in Egypt. In his younger days he had the reputation of being the handsomest subaltern in the Guards. The Devonshire Carews, from whom this Cornish family sprung, and who pronounce their patronymic as it is spelt, are one of the oldest families in England, and can trace their descent without interruption from the Anglo-Saxon period of English history.

The descendants of Otho, a powerful baron in the days of the Confessor, obtained place and position in Ireland, in Wales, and in the West. By his marriage with the daughter of Sir Hugh Courtenay, of Hacombe, in Devon, Sir Nicholas Carew acquired that estate which his descendants have held since the days of the sixth Henry. The Carews are one of those "great, ancient, and powerful houses" who, in times past, have helped to make our country's history. The West Country home of Colonel Carew, who has in the war the position of Brigadier-General, is at Antony, in Cornwall, just over the Devonshire border, and a few miles from the home of the Cornish Bullers, to whom he is nearly related, his mother having been a Buller of Morval.

Quite a lot of promising men act as private secretaries to Ministers. Among them are young Mr. Goschen, Mr. Griffith-Boscawen (who serves the stern Chancellor of the Exchequer), Mr. Cochrane (the Colonial Secretary's "jackal"), Mr. Gerald Loder, and Mr. George Kemp. Viscount Chelsea and Viscount Folkestone have also served in that unpaid but interesting capacity. Lord Balcarras has a par. all to himself.



THE LATE SIR HENRY TATE,  
WHO PRESENTED LONDON WITH A NATIONAL ART GALLERY.  
Photo by Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W.



Miss Grete Hahn is a talented young actress of whom the London and provincial public will hear more. She made her professional debut with a dramatic recital at Steinway Hall on Dec. 8, but she has long



MISS GRETE HAHN, A TALENTED YOUNG ACTRESS WHO HAS JUST MADE HER DEBUT AT STEINWAY HALL.

Photo by the Delmer Art Studios, Holloway Road, N.

been a prominent figure in the front rank of amateurs. Miss Hahn has an exquisite sense of humour, and excels in light comedy. She is a pupil of Mr. and Mrs. Hasluck.

Owing to the mistake of a correspondent, *The Sketch* for last week gave the portrait of Colonel the Hon. F. Stopford for that of Lieut.-Colonel H. Stopford, who was, to the regret of every Englishman, killed at Modder River. The former gentleman, to whom my apologies are due, is Military Secretary to General Buller, and is presumably in Natal. I must also thank those readers who kindly wrote to point out the error.

Thanks to the generosity of more than one firm, Tommy will not be without his baccy altogether during the South African Campaign. It is well to know that the Richmond Cavendish Company, of Liverpool, being manufacturers in bond of all descriptions of tobaccos (cut and plug) and cigarettes, are in a position to forward same to South Africa without paying any duty, and prepared to receive and despatch with expedition all goods in conformity with the Parcel Post regulations and the special regulations recently framed.

I am glad to hear that Miss Ethel Henry's concert at the Hôtel Cecil, in aid of our Soldiers' Widows and Orphans, was a complete success. In spite of the weather—and the afternoon of Sunday, Dec. 3, was even worse in London than in the country—no less a sum than £50 was taken and forwarded to the *Daily Telegraph* Shilling Fund. Miss Ethel Henry herself recited Kipling's poem, and afterwards collected £6 15s. in her little tambourine for the *Daily Mail* Fund. May causes as good always prosper as well!

Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon those blithe spirits who are helping to relieve the gloom of an exceptionally sad winter by organising enlivening "smokers." My best thanks to the harmonious printers of our staff who provided abundant amusement at *The Sketch* (combined with the *Illustrated London News* and the *Penny Illustrated Paper*) Smoking Concert! Another vote of thanks, carried unanimously, to Mr. Herbert J. Mappin and his colleagues of the Iris Cricket Club for the admirable programme of music supplied at their annual "smoker," which yielded much pleasure to many at the Freemasons' Great Hall. I rejoice to note the exemplary martial and patriotic spirit prevalent at these social gatherings; likewise that at many of these merry meetings substantial contributions are made to the praiseworthy fund for Poor Children's Christmas and Winter Free Dinners, benevolently started by

the doughty and kind-hearted "Dagonet" in the *Referee*, and so devotedly administered by Mrs. E. M. Burgwin.

Once more there is talk of removing Westminster School into the country, and once more every well-wisher to the old foundation alongside the Abbey must hope that the change will come about as soon as may be. Year by year the school dwindles in importance and numbers, and the example shown by its old rival, Charterhouse, should stimulate Westminster to follow in the same track. Since Charterhouse removed to Godalming, the prosperity of the school has risen by leaps and bounds—indeed, in the first three years the establishment rose from a hundred and thirty to five hundred boys, and the increase has been well kept up ever since. Except at football, Westminster has deteriorated in all field-sports, and no match on the river has been rowed with Eton since 1860; yet at one time Third Trinity, Cambridge, relied for its strength as much on Old Westminsters as on Old Etonians. It is to be hoped that no foolish sentiment will prevent the exodus of Westminster. So long ago as 1864, the Public School Commission reported that it should either be transferred to the country or be converted into a day-school, and it may safely be said that thirty-five years have not improved the surroundings of the College of Westminster.

As at present arranged, the German Emperor will be at Cowes next summer, and will, in all probability, be accompanied by the Empress and some of their children, but this must not be taken in the light of a visit to the Queen. Their Majesties will live on board the *Hohenzollern*, their private apartments (no other word would describe the accommodation) being far superior to those on the *Victoria and Albert* or the *Osborne*, or, indeed, to those on the Queen's new yacht which has taken so long to build at Pembroke Dockyard. The nursery is a conspicuous feature on the *Hohenzollern*, and all the Imperial children, seven in number, could be provided with separate rooms.

The stage-managing of "A Message from Mars" is effective, and Drury Lane always gives us a little sensation; but why not go the whole quadruped and have, say, a play called "The Purple Horror," in which a real electrocution would come off during a real earthquake? Introduce a fine situation in the fifth act—the final dissolution of the Universe (life-size). The hero, observing this, devotes the rest of his existence to the heroine, and blows his brains out—an act of cheap ostentation under the circumstances. Mr. Maskelyne changes a Dum-Dum bullet into a



MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER, NOW FASCINATING CROWDED HOUSES AT THE STRAND AS HENRIETTA OLIVER IN "THE WRONG MR. WRIGHT."

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

battery of Horse Artillery, in full view of the audience. Minor scenes could represent the accidental burning of Europe (Europe specially engaged for the performance), collision of the earth with a comet, and death by torture (during a Socialist movement) of all the Royal Families in the world. The thing would draw.



## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

BY ADRIAN ROSS.

The turn of the tide has evidently come in the Transvaal War—and this one may say, not merely because the Army Corps has arrived and fresh Divisions are on their way, but because the allies of the Boers are either routed or preparing for defeat. Already two editorial "Long Toms" have been dismantled; no longer does the daily bellow of the one arouse the echo of the other. The six very heavy guns of the *Speaker* still open fire, but their missiles, like those of their friends, do not go off. Nay, ammunition seems to be failing them, for they are reduced to drawing projectiles out of the printer's fount, and proclaiming in small capitals that THIS WAR IS WRONG. Their type of eloquence is the eloquence of type.

Elsewhere the ranks of the Boerophiles have been thinned by unexpected desertions. The Radical ranks are divided; the younger men mostly follow the Rosebery lead, and leave the irreconcilable doctrinaires in the wilderness near, but not with, the Irish remnant. And what is Page Hopps without Price Hughes? The Nonconformist

There is much in education, and more in experience, that fits men to take events with equanimity, and to say and do the right thing. If Mr. Chamberlain had been brought up as a diplomatist, or served as one, much angry ink would have remained unshed. Not, indeed, that his broad hint to France is likely to do harm. French comments on English action have been made more bitter perhaps, but certainly less nasty, by his warning, which was not a threat of war, but simply a prophecy of the loss of trade and tourists that must follow on an Anglo-French quarrel, war or no war. But, while our enemies have been exasperated into comparative decency, our friends have been annoyed by an apparent exaggeration of their friendship into underrating the value of the amicable understanding that undoubtedly exists.

The effect of the recent indiscretion has probably been much exaggerated. To begin with, the speaker grew up as a party politician of a fighting type. Strong language was his daily bread, and little was thought of it; and those who remember the circumstances think little of his strong language now. Further, his enemies—and their name is legion—have long ago agreed to pretend that he represents himself alone. So the value of his utterances is discounted, and the damage done by



MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON (AS YAN HOW) WITH HIS WIVES IN "SAN TOY," WHICH IS SO POPULAR AT DALY'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

Conscience is divided, though the old phonograph into which Gladstone used to talk still creaks out a mechanical disapproval. Mr. Stead, as the *Libre Parole* obligingly reminds us, still says worse things about the war than even the French papers do, and his accuracy is nearly as great as theirs, though he does not talk about "Sir Brooklyn (Eagle)," that eminent American politician. One cannot say that the Boer is happy in his champions.

It was, perhaps, inevitable, though regrettable, that the presiding genius of the *Daily Chronicle* should quit his chair through the passions aroused by the War. But the severance would have come over something else; later on, in any case. Enthusiasm is not the quality of a General; however valuable in a subaltern; and enthusiasm seems a strong element in Mr. Massingham's character. Now, the enthusiast sees intensely, but not steadily; his light is, as Bacon put it, "drenched in flesh and blood." The vivid "personal" Parliamentary reports of the late editor of the *Chronicle* were an index to his habit of mind. It was as impossible to doubt their sincerity as to believe in their accuracy. Mr. Chamberlain did not *always* look daggers of ice and speak in a venomous and raucous hiss; nor were *all* the Irish Members things of beauty and joys for ever. But the narrator clearly believed what he stated with perfect faith. Such a nature is valuable in supplying motive-power for a good cause, but not in directing its own force. Zeal is a dangerous quality for an editor to possess unless it is controlled by abnormal business tact.

them insured against, before he opens his lips. Sometimes, indeed, it is an advantage to have a Minister who is not regarded as representing the whole Cabinet. He can say what his colleagues think with a frankness that would give mortal offence from another, but from him is half-expected; and yet by so doing he can convey the real meaning of his policy more clearly to the stupid majority than skilled diplomatists could do in a year.

Still, it may be thought unfortunate that stress was laid on a few beastly French caricatures. The French Government is correct and even friendly in its attitude, and German papers, if less vile, have been nearly as rude as their French contemporaries. The wave of Anglophobia passing over the Continent, in so far as it is not due to Dr. Leyds "raising the wind," is caused by an upheaval of impotent hatred and envy. Here is a possible ally of our enemies, a permanent danger to the British Empire, about to be crushed out, and the enemies of England are standing doing nothing. Naturally, they call ugly names and draw ugly pictures.

There is no need for us to resent too angrily even the foulest attacks. Granted that we are and always have been the scum of humanity, cowards, bullies, robbers, pirates, murderers, contemptible and vile, how is it that France has so constantly come off second-best in her bouts with us? To be beaten by the favourite may be unpleasant, but to be beaten by a rank outsider is detestable.



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"THE CHILDREN OF THE GHETTO," AS PLAYED IN AMERICA.

*From Photographs by Byron, New York.*



Hannah (Miss Blanche Bates).

Shemuel (Mr. Wilton Lackaye).

David Brandon (Mr. Frank Worthing).

THIRD ACT.



LAST ACT.



MR. CHARLES HAWTREY,

*The coolest and most debonair comedian on the English stage. He is now scoring in quite a new rôle at the Avenue in 'A Message from Mars'*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.





MISS NELLIE STEWART, HANDSOME "PRINCIPAL BOY" FOR DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.

*An enormous favourite in Australia, she has become very popular in London. She was one of the principal features at Mrs. Potter's The Concert at Claridge's Hotel in aid of the funds for the hospital-ship "Maine." She was possibly the smartest-dressed lady amongst London's smartest set. She sang delightfully, and, in addition, sold cigarettes at enormous prices, realising £76 for the fund. For this she received the pearl necklet offered by an anonymous donor to be handed to the lady who should do the most substantial begging during the afternoon. Miss Stewart's wonderful snake-dress in last year's Drury Lane pantomime was a sensation, but this year we can look out for something more beautiful. Don't be surprised to see Miss Stewart (who designs her own costumes), in a wonderful armour-dress, making mincemeat of the Boer giants. This photograph is by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.*

## A PICTURE-GALLERY OF PRETTY WOMEN.

One of the chief charms of *The Sketch* Christmas Number (a non-contributor is good enough to write) is the comprehensive group of lovely ladies therein "pictured," as the newest American phrase has it. As the custom now is, the ladies selected for "picturing" are all of the theatrical and musical persuasions—perhaps because the percentage of feminine loveliness is necessarily very large in those professions.

Sweet Edna May is one of the first beauties that catch the eye in *The Sketch* Christmas Number. Like most American actresses imported here nowadays, Miss May—whose first and, up to now, only impersonation in London has been that of the dainty and delightful Violet Gray, the Belle of New York—bounced into popularity at once, and has increased her hold thereupon ever since. Also like all actresses worthy of the name, the fair Edna—who is *our* Edna now—started in her profession at the lowest rung of the ladder, and had to carefully, and at times painfully, learn her art. No wonder that "The Belle of New York" seems likely to emulate the oft-quoted Tennysonian Brook, and run on for ever, or nearly, while it possesses such charming exponents as the beloved little Edna.

Another popular belle Américaine in *The Sketch* gallery is the handsome and statuesque Miss Julie Opp, who, since first disembarking here, has rendered such excellent Thalian service to English managers, particularly to Mr. George Alexander, and especially in the picturesque romantic dramas produced from time to time by that astute manager. Miss Opp is a beautiful blue-eyed blonde, whose striking, mobile face, splendidly symmetrical form, and earnest intelligence are of great service not only in such dramas as those just indicated, but also in those brilliant "Society"—costume comedies supplied to the St. James's by such writers as that leading dramatist, Arthur W. Pinero, and that bright and brainy story-writer who, being really Mrs. Craigie, prefers to sign herself "John Oliver Hobbes."

Yet another, and, histrionically, more important, American beauty is found in the aforesaid batch of Loveliness. This is Miss Maud Jeffries, who, soon after becoming "leading lady" in Mr. Wilson Barrett's always well-chosen and thoroughly trained company, has made many notable successes in the British Isles, Australasia, and her own native land. Her principal achievements in this connection have been her memorable impersonation of that fascinating and faithful Christian martyr Mercia in "The Sign of the Cross," her Kitty Keggren in "The Manxman," her Nellie Denver in "The Silver King," and her Mona in "The Ben-My-Chree," just re-named by the title of the Hall Caine novel from which the play is adapted—"The Deemster" to wit. Within the last few days Miss Jeffries charmed all and sundry by her sweet and modest Desdemona to Mr. Barrett's *Othello*, and last Saturday afternoon (the 9th inst.) this increasingly popular and ever intense young actress made at the Lyceum Theatre a success quite as striking (if not more so) as the changeable Prince Hamlet's sometime sweetheart, the fair Ophelia.

That diminutive but ever droll and ever delightful artist, Miss Kitty Loftus, who figures in this interesting group, is not, alas, at present in England, our right little, tight little island having lent this right little, trim little comédienne to America, doubtless to make up in some measure for the many fascinating stage-players and variety artists we have of late imported from "the other side." London playgoers, however, cherishing a fond remembrance of the many vivacious and truly humorous impersonations contributed to our native stage by Miss Loftus, will heartily welcome her home again.

Two Continental favourites well known in London, and two young ladies who are each what Joe Gargery would call "a fine figure of a woman," next meet the gaze of *The Sketch* Christmas Number peruser. These are respectively the *chanteuse*, Mdlle. Juniori, a strikingly beautiful brunette; the highly attractive Spanish dancer known as La Gitana (both great favourites at the Empire and Alhambra); Miss Miriam Clements, and Miss Hetty Hamer, both of whom, at the Gaiety, the Prince of Wales's, and Daly's, have often contributed rich and rare beauty and intelligent brain-power to certain of Mr. George Edwardes's lively and picturesque productions.

Only two histrionic favourites now call for mention as regards the Christmas *Sketch* bevy of beauty, namely, those beloved Savoy favourites, Miss Ruth Vincent and Miss Isabel Jay, whose singing voices are as lovely as their looks, and whose always earnest and good-humoured acting and singing have made them immensely popular with all kind Savoyards in front. Miss Jay has won increased favour by her acting in the Savoy's new opera, from the cast of which Miss Vincent (originally announced to play) is much missed.

All the above ladies form what might be described, in one respect, as a dangerous band, for it is noticeable that, whenever any important charity *matinée* or bazaar is on, most of these young sirens are turned on as bandit programme-sellers, and so forth, who compel poor unsuspecting Man (if present) to "Stand and deliver!" It is also noticeable that the poor victim seems to rather like it.

## NOTE.

*The Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

## PREPARING A PANTOMIME AT OLD DRURY.

Last year we had a plethora of pantomime, or, as carping critics refer to it, the new form of Christmas entertainment which passes as pantomime. The times are constantly changing, and we with the times, so we cannot expect to find pantomime of to-day in the same condition as at the Grimaldi period. The gentleman in motley must make way for the lady in tights. It is necessary, for not only have children to be amused, but "grown-ups" to be entertained, and the latter are not generally deliriously tickled by the mouthings and attitudinising of "Joey" and his confraternity.

It were almost superfluous to state—the fact must be so self-evident—that the production of a pantomime at our great National Theatre is a task of truly Brobdingnagian proportions. It sets and keeps going for a considerable period prior and subsequent to the event a vast army of workers. Some are "regulars," to adhere to our military simile, others willing "volunteers," and not a few are loyal "reservists." All work energetically for the ultimate triumph of their General, Arthur Collins.

Each year sees something glorious attempted, each year sees something gloriously done. Each season brings a new ambition to eclipse the one gone before; each season registers the desire fulfilled. For years Drury Lane Theatre has been pursuing a course of comparative pantomime excellence; when the superlative degree will be reached I know not, nor will I hazard a guess, being a poor prophet. Possibly Mr. Wells, the novelist, could tell us.

I do not propose to give a detailed list of all the items that go to the making of a pantomime, but merely to indicate some of the more important departments, dwelling somewhat attentively upon the scenic and "property" productions.

Well, then, the scheme of the "panto" having been conceived by the managerial mind—please remember that I am referring specifically to Drury Lane, and the particularly active and productive mind indicated is that of Mr. Arthur Collins—the heads of departments are enlightened, and soon the whole machinery is set in motion. It is no exaggeration to say that one pantomime has scarcely run its course when the first stages of the next one are entered upon. The "book" is not written till late in the proceedings, so that "topics" may receive their full attention therein; but he who writes a pantomime must be prepared to "miss" the bulk of his pen-work when the piece has been running for a few weeks. This is the result of alterations and interpolations. A well-known pantomime-writer was last year asked by the manager of a theatre, where one of his Christmas pieces was being played, what he thought of it. "Well," replied the scribe, "*what I found of it wasn't bad.*"

Well, the music has to be composed and arranged, the dresses designed and executed, the company and supernumeraries engaged, the scenery painted, and the "properties" made.

Drury Lane has a very fine paint-room and a commodious property-room. The former is lofty, well-lighted, and fitted with every appliance for the convenience of the scenic artist. Enormous frames, one of them seventy feet long, work up and down through slots in the flooring by means of a windlass. This enables the artist to work at his ease upon any portion of the canvas fixed upon it. Mammoth "cloths," "flats," and "wings" are thus readily dealt with. The wing shown in the accompanying photograph will form a portion of the roof-scene in "Jack and the Beanstalk," in which Mr. Louis Wain will introduce some novel feline effects. The cloth at the back of it, which is yet in a somewhat crude state, will play an important part in a striking "developing" scene invented by Mr. Collins, which is to have six distinct changes.

The property-room at Drury Lane is just now a veritable bee-hive of industry. Men and women are working at top speed, the latter attending to bead-work and drapery, the former turning out colossal figures in *papier-maché*. These are first modelled in clay, then covered with a layer of plaster. When the latter is set, it is removed from the clay, and the mould thus obtained is treated to a coating of *papier-maché*, which is afterwards detached, dried, and painted, gilded, or silvered, as the case may be. I learned from the property-master that, though scenery can be painted and costumes designed and executed on the Continent, properties cannot be procured. It seems they cannot make them. Why?

There will be some big things in the coming pantomime—literally big. The large figure in the foreground of the property-room photograph is to form an *épergne* on the Giant's table, and there is a pile of luscious fruits destined to tickle the palate of his Extreme Heaviness.

A noteworthy feature will be a representation of that Briton-beloved individual, Paul Kruger. You will find a very large Kruger and a very little British Army, but, as the song hath it, that little British Army goes an expletive long way! It will, in fact, completely floor the hirsute "Oom," the attack being led, of course, by the valiant Jack of Beanstalk fame.

Most unfortunately, Kruger was being put together elsewhere, and I was therefore unable to include him among the "sundries" in the property-room picture. It is to be regretted, as his presence would have shed such lustre on the assembly!

As may be readily supposed, the cost of a Drury Lane pantomime is enormous, and the "houses" need be packed and many to properly balance the managerial ledger and leave a surplus to be "carried forward." But "thorough" is the watchword of all who take office at Old Drury, and the traditions of the ancient house can alone be sustained by lavish show and unstinted outlay.



PREPARING FOR THE DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.

*From Photographs by A. J. Campbell, Ludgate Hill.*



PAINTING THE SCENERY: THE WING SHOWN WILL FORM A PORTION OF THE ROOF-SCENE IN "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK."



MAKING THE PROPERTIES: THESE COLOSSAL FIGURES ARE MADE OUT OF PAPIER-MACHÉ.



"MAIDEN MEDITATION, FANCY FREE."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KILPATRICK, BELFAST.



## BOERS AS PLAYGOERS.

AN ENGLISH ACTOR GIVES HIS EXPERIENCES  
OF "OOM PAUL'S" BURGHERS.

To Mr. Leonard Rayne belongs the distinction of having been the first to introduce D'Artagnan—the stage D'Artagnan, that is—to Southern Africa. This rising young actor has only just returned from a long and prosperous tour in the "land of floods and thunder," during which he produced—and everywhere with the greatest success—his own version of Dumas' immortal romance, "The Three Musketeers," with himself in the character of the hot-headed, fire-eating Gascon. One of the leading members of Mr. Rayne's (and Mr. Alfred Paumier's) company was the well-known tragedian Mr. Osmond Tearle, who left England several months ago in very indifferent health; but who has returned, like his own Richard, very much "himself again."

Mr. Rayne is no stranger to South Africa, having made tours in that country, his first tour being, if I mistake not, in association with Mr. W. J. Holloway. He was in South Africa three years ago, during the Jameson Raid—a disastrous time for the members of "the" profession; and when he left it, three weeks since, the country was in a state of wild excitement compared to which that brought about by Dr. Jameson was as nothing.

I was curious to know whether Mr. Rayne or any of the members of his company had suffered ill at the hands of the Boers.

Mr. Rayne scouted the notion. "Not at all!" he said. "I think I can say with perfect truth that not a single member of my company experienced the slightest unpleasantness in that direction. On the contrary, we met with the greatest hospitality and kindness during the whole time we were in Pretoria."

"No sjamboking, Mr. Rayne, or any little pleasantry of that sort?"

"No, none. It may interest you to know that in Pretoria we received the greatest kindness of all, and it is a fact that we did better there, financially speaking, than anywhere else."

"What was your repertoire during the time you were in Pretoria?"

"Three Musketeers, three nights; 'Virgilius,' with Tearle in the title-role; 'Richard the Third,' 'Julius Cæsar,' and 'The Lights o' London.'"

"All to the liking of your Boer-British audiences?"

"Very much so. 'Three Musketeers' went surprisingly well, and everyone appeared delighted with 'The Lights o' London.'"

"The Boer is not much of a theatre-goer, is he, Mr. Rayne?"

"Not so much so as the Uitlander, although in the Pretoria Theatre he was pretty much *en évidence*. All Boers are not ignorant and unread."

"President Kruger was not present at any of your performances?"

"No. He was invited, but he seldom visits a playhouse, and, besides, his hands were too full of State affairs at the time of our visit. One of his sons, however, was a pretty frequent visitor at the theatre, and took an intelligent interest in all he saw. Mr. Viljoen, too, dropped in now and again to see us."

"Had you the chance of conversing with Kruger *filis*?"

"Yes," was Mr. Rayne's reply; "and I found him to be an exceedingly nice fellow. He is tall and stout, and has a strong resemblance to his father. I suppose he is now at the front with the other Boer forces. I remember that we once briefly discussed the chances of hostilities, and his laughingly remarking that, if war broke out, he should want to borrow 'Bobby'—D'Artagnan's sword, you know."

"Coming, now, to these stories of Boer brutalities, Mr. Rayne, of which, of course, you have heard. Do you think there is much truth in them?"

"I think that in all probability they have been greatly exaggerated. It is, of course, not to be denied that many of the Boers are rough, uncultured men, and it is possible that in the excitement of the moment, and with the war-fever so strong upon them, some of them may have committed excesses. The same sort of thing might happen in similar circumstances in countries more civilised than the Transvaal. Of course, I am not prepared to say that the brutalities you allude to did not actually happen; but I do say that I think they have been very greatly exaggerated."

"And you were not molested in any way?"

"At Vereeniging, on the way down to the coast, we were made to 'turn out' by the Transvaal officials, and our baggage was examined. But there was nothing really offensive in the way the examination was conducted."

"At Cape Town you found the war-fever very much in evidence?"

"Yes. We played for a short time at the Opera House there, before we left for England; and at a performance one night my wife sang a song, to the tune of 'Tommy Atkins,' the words of which had been specially written for the occasion, and which, breathing of patriotism and gunpowder, created an uproar that I have seldom heard equalled."

## TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor is always glad to consider interesting photographs, for which payment will be made at the usual rates. He would urge upon contributors the necessity of clearly indicating on the photographs themselves the subjects represented, with the name and address of the sender; it should also be stated whether the contributor wishes the photo to be returned. Whenever possible, full explanatory notes in manuscript should be sent, in addition to the details written on the photograph.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The conversation wherever publishers and authors are gathered is still about the Harper business. After my paragraph of last week was written, the startling news came that the American firm of Harper and Brothers was unable to meet its liabilities, and that the chief creditor was Mr. Pierpont Morgan. It is to be hoped that the present state of things is only temporary. I can say it was never suspected amongst the best-informed either here or in America. Although the American firm of Harper and Brothers was not particularly enterprising, it still continued to publish many of the best books. It is now said that the ten-cent magazine greatly affected the profits of *Harper's Monthly*, and it is also hinted that Messrs. Harper kept on their editors for amiable reasons after they had ceased to be efficient. I do not believe very much in either of these causes.

The suggestion about the inefficiency of Messrs. Harper's aged editors, and the undoubted fact that the McClure Doubleday Company have engaged young men to be their editors, give some interest to an article in the current *Contemporary* on "The Age Limit for Women." It begins by quoting a typical advertisement: "The Council of the — High School for Girls will shortly appoint a new head-mistress. No one over thirty-five need apply." The writer protests against this view, and thinks that it rises from the eighteenth-century habit of referring to men and women of forty or fifty as aged. She pleads for an extension of the term in days when girls have been taught to use their brains, and women have been encouraged to keep them in repair. Even in journalism and amongst its professors, I suppose, it would be granted that thirty-five is not an unreasonable age; and if a journalist is able to maintain the life and circulation of his paper, he may grow old in peace. Still, it may very well be that journalists nowadays should not continue too long in harness, and should look forward to a period of rest or changed work. Mr. Richard Whiteing, of the *Daily News*, is by no means an old man, but he is not a young journalist, and I think he has done wisely in resolving to retire—not to be idle, but to choose his work.

Mr. Robert Buchanan has made a bitter attack on Mr. Rudyard Kipling in an article entitled "The Voice of the Hooligan." The criticism is overdone, though Mr. Buchanan admits that in the "Jungle Books" Mr. Kipling has risen above himself. The analysis, however, of Mr. Kipling's popularity is exceedingly clever. It rises, according to Mr. Buchanan, from the weariness, even amongst the educated, of the professional poet, from the desire for any writer who writes verses, doggerel even, which seem thoroughly alive. In the second place, Mr. Kipling's poems reflected thoroughly the spirit of ephemeral journalism. There was nothing in them that required a moment's thought or a moment's severe attention. They were noisy, blatant, cock-sure, and self-assertive. Again, Mr. Kipling came at a moment when the spirit of Imperialism was rising, and his training and sympathy have prepared him to give it voice. Mr. Buchanan agrees with Mr. Moore and others that Mr. Kipling is "not a poet at all in the better sense of the word," but he admits that he is "as near approaching to a poet as can be tolerated by the ephemeral and hasty judgment of the day." Many of us would give a good deal to see the revival of Mr. Buchanan's own poetry. Thirty years ago it was recognised by critics like R. H. Hutton and G. H. Lewes as amongst the truest and sincerest work done in that generation. To young readers it is entirely unknown, and I am not aware that the best parts of it are even accessible in print.

Should copyright be perpetual? The *Academy* has put this question to a few literary men, who all answer in the negative. Mr. Edward Clodd would grant copyright for at least three generations, on the ground that books like Meredith's work have to pass through long years of neglect and slow sale. Dr. Furnivall thinks that copyright is quite long enough now, and Mr. Frederic Harrison is of opinion that the proper period for the duration of literary copyright should be seven years from registration. Mr. Bernard Shaw thinks that the present term is too long except in a very few special cases, for which extension should be granted on application to the Courts. Mr. W. L. Courtney would give copyright for two generations. He feels that its duration "in the hands of any single publisher should be limited, say, to six or seven years." I do not quite understand the latter view.

Here is a charming story from "The Life of John Mills, Banker," which has just been published by Messrs. Sherratt and Hughes, of Manchester: "As we were pacing about the lawn, one of the little girls ran up to Mr. Emerson, holding out a bunch of daisies. Lifting her up, he thanked her with a kiss, not breaking the thread of talk in which they were absorbed, holding the daisies carefully all the time. Presently we went in to lunch, and Emerson, putting his hat on a form in the porch, dropped the flowers into it." Later on, as he was leaving, all the daisies fell out as he lifted his hat, showering over his face to the ground. "Bless the child," he softly said, and, stooping, picked up every daisy, taking them away in his hand. The child was there, and he would not hurt her feelings by any seeming neglect of her little gift.

Emerson certainly did not share Mr. Gladstone's horror of autograph-hunters. Two facsimiles of his autograph are given in this volume, one dated March 1848, when he signed himself "R. W. Emerson," and the other May 1875, when the signature was "R. Waldo Emerson." The "s" is long in each case. With the former he wrote the two lines—

As sings the pine-tree in the wind,  
So sings in the wind a sprig of the pine.

## MR. W. GILLETTE IN "SHERLOCK HOLMES," AS PRODUCED IN AMERICA.

*From Photographs by Byron, New York: The Piece was criticised by Clement Scott in "The Sketch," Nov. 29.*



ACT II.: SHERLOCK HOLMES IS VISITED BY HIS RIVAL, PROFESSOR MORIARTY, AND FINDS IT EXPEDIENT TO SHOW HIS SIX-SHOOTER.



ACT III.: SHERLOCK HOLMES IS LURED INTO A DEN OF THIEVES AT STEPNEY, WHERE HE FINDS ALICE FAULKNER SHUT UP IN A CUPBOARD, BOUND AND GAGGED.



## A SEASONABLE ILLUSTRATED BOOK ON THE BOERS.\*

At a moment when the "Soldiers of the Queen" are slowly but surely advancing towards Bloemfontein and Pretoria, to establish British paramountcy on a firm basis in the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, it is most opportune to publish Lieut.-Colonel Newnham-Davis's seasonable volume on the Transvaal.

We are surely destined ere long to see not alone "The Transvaal under the Queen," but the tricky Orange Free State also under the same benignant rule, to the immediate benefit of all save the self-seeking and peculating Boer Leaders. It is, therefore, obviously of interest to be well informed respecting the Boers and their habits.

Lieut.-Colonel N. Newnham-Davis is undoubtedly a trustworthy witness. A valued contributor to *The Sketch*, this popular military writer has had personal experience of the Transvaal. To quote his own picturesque words in his brief and soldier-like "foreword": "I gazed at 'Oom Paul's' rusty silk hat at Pretoria; shot at glass bottles in competition with Piet Joubert at Standerton; was an informal A.D.C. to Colonel Lanyon for some joyous weeks at Kimberley; copied diligently for Sir Theophilus Shepstone, then at Utrecht, his despatches, being an officer of his escort, at a time when the Zulus were on the point of coming like a wave over the Transvaal."

Thus prepared, the reader is not disappointed. There is a Charles O'Malley breeziness of style in the bright and easy chat about Durban and Pietermaritzburg, Majuba, Laing's Nek, and Pretoria at the time when Sir Theophilus Shepstone found it necessary to hoist the Union Jack in the Transvaal.

\* "The Transvaal under the Queen." By Lieut.-Colonel N. Newnham-Davis. With Illustrations by Louis Edwards. London: Sands and Co.



TROOPER OF "CARRINGTON'S HORSE."

Introducing Mr. Louis Edwards's capital drawing of a trooper of "Carrington's Horse" in 1877 (copied on this page with a companion picture, by courteous permission of Mr. Sands), the author remarks: "Some mounted infantry for service in the Transvaal were to be organised. Lieutenants Carrington and Browne, of the 24th, going to buy horses, went through Pretoria, going up north by post-cart, a 'gin-box' on wheels with four half-broken demons of horses to draw it, and a driver, as a rule, as wild as his teams."

Pretoria twenty years back, before the discovery of a wonderfully rich gold-field brought thousands of immigrants into the Transvaal, was a very quiet place compared with the city at this period: "A marketplace, with generally half-a-dozen ox-waggons outspanned in it, the oxen standing by their yokes, 'tin' houses, or erections of mud-bricks, and rough thatch, surrounding the open space, and, in the centre of it, a shabby little church—such was the heart of Pretoria twenty-odd years ago. . . .

"The Hollanders in those days were as much, or more, disliked by the Boers than the British were. The *slim*, the cunning young men from Holland, who talked a Dutch so superfine, with its moods and tenses and genders, that the Boers hardly understood it, had pushed themselves into all the secretarial work, and the State bankruptcy, which was the last straw that broke the Republic's back, was attributed to the men who covered sheets of paper with figures being at the head of affairs. Notches on a stick had always been the Boer system of calculation, and they always mistrusted the smooth-spoken, black-coated young men from Holland."

The Boer President supremely responsible for the present War did not favourably impress Lieut.-Colonel Newnham-Davis, even at that distant period: "Of the Boers, as I saw them at that time, there were both good and bad. Paul Kruger had been pointed out to me often enough in Pretoria, a human toad, a fat-bellied man with a heavy face, and greasy clothes and napless hat."

But "The Transvaal under the Queen"—a volume with an attractive scarlet cover—should be read itself for the information Lieut.-Colonel Newnham-Davis conveys in so pleasant a fashion. The book, which appears most opportunely, is rendered additionally interesting by the spirited illustrations of Mr. Louis Edwards.



A BOER TYPE (1877).

Reproduced from "The Transvaal under the Queen." By Lieut.-Colonel N. Newnham-Davis. (Sands and Co.)

## HUSTLING CUPID: A COMEDIETTA IN ONE ACT.

BY KEBLE HOWARD.

[All Rights reserved, but Free Permission to perform this Play in Country-houses and for Charities may be obtained from the Author, "Sketch" Office.]

CHARACTERS: EVELYN MEREDITH, daughter of the house; PERCY MEREDITH, her brother; DULCIE CLARKE, EVELYN'S friend; SAM ROBERTSON, PERCY'S friend.

SCENE: The Smoking-Room of a country-house. Doors at back of stage, Right and Left. Usual furniture.

Enter simultaneously, but at different doors, EVELYN and PERCY. They are much alike in height and colour, though not extraordinarily so. He is wearing a long Newmarket-coat that reaches down to his heels, and a large cloth cap.

EVELYN. Oh, Percy, you're just the very person I wanted to see!

PERCY (throwing his cap on to the table). What's the matter now?

EVELYN. I want to speak to you about those two.

PERCY. What two?

EVELYN. Why, Dulcie, of course, and Mr. Robertson.

PERCY (sharply). What's wrong with them?

EVELYN. Nothing, you silly boy. Only—

PERCY. Well? Only what?

EVELYN (playing with the cap). You're not very sympathetic.

PERCY (sitting down and lighting a cigarette). I don't know what the deuce you're driving at.

EVELYN. You won't let me tell you. I suppose you've noticed that they're in love with one another?

PERCY. Shut up!

EVELYN. They are. I've noticed it for a long time. Haven't you?

PERCY. How do you mean?

EVELYN. Why, in the usual way.

PERCY. But what made you notice it?

EVELYN. Well, they seem to avoid one another.

PERCY. Is that a sign of love?

EVELYN (amazed). Of course!

PERCY. Oh, I didn't know! Anything else?

EVELYN. Oh yes; but it's no use trying to explain to a boy—they never do notice these things.

PERCY. No; as a sex, we are unobservant—very!

EVELYN. Well, I am quite sure they *are* in love with one another. And, you see, he hasn't proposed, and Dulcie has got to go home to-morrow.

PERCY. Rot!

EVELYN. Yes, she has; and I don't know what to do about it.

PERCY. Do? What's it got to do with you?

EVELYN. You are dense! Don't you know I'm the hostess when Mamma's away?

PERCY. I didn't know it was the hostess's business to make people propose.

EVELYN. Of course it is! The hostess has to see that people enjoy themselves.

PERCY. You have rum ideas of enjoyment!

EVELYN. Not at all! It is most unsatisfactory for a girl to know that a man is in love with her—

PERCY. Is it really?

EVELYN. Do be quiet! And yet not to receive a proposal.

PERCY. But perhaps it might be impossible for a man to propose.

EVELYN. I can't imagine such a case.

PERCY. Well, he might be married already.

EVELYN (triumphantly). In that case, he couldn't fall in love with anybody else. Really, Percy, you do try to make difficulties!

PERCY. Sorry, old girl; you know best. Forge ahead.

EVELYN. Well, of course, Dulcie would like—

PERCY (with forced unconcern). Did she say so?

EVELYN (indignantly). Percy! Whatever next?

PERCY. Well, I didn't know. Girls are such rummy beggars.

EVELYN. You might have known Dulcie better than that.

PERCY. Better than what?

EVELYN. Than to suppose that she would come to me and say, "Mr. Robertson is in love with me, and I should like him to propose."

PERCY. I see nothing extraordinary in the idea. It is just what I should do in her place—that is, if I were in love with Robertson.

EVELYN. Well, Dulcie wouldn't, then. She hasn't said a word to me about him. And she's my friend, and I wish you would treat her as such.

PERCY. Why, don't I?

EVELYN. No; I don't know. I'm sure you don't like her.

PERCY (carelessly). Oh, she's a good little girl enough, I dare say.

EVELYN. Percy!

PERCY (innocently). What's the matter now? Isn't she a good little girl?

EVELYN. I'll thank you to leave her out of the question, please.

PERCY. All right. Only I thought you wanted to talk about her.

EVELYN. So I did. Only one can't talk with you, and I've got no one else to consult, and it's horrid of you! (On the verge of tears.) I know you hate Dulcie, but you needn't—you needn't— (Bursts out crying.)

PERCY (groaning). Oh Lord! (He rises, crosses over to EVELYN,

kneels down, and puts his arms round her.) Look here, old girl, if I tell you a secret, will you promise not to tell anyone?

EVELYN (with her head still in the cushions). I don't want to hear your horrid secrets.

PERCY. Well, you've got to. I'm in love with Dulcie myself.

EVELYN (staring at him in blank surprise). You!

PERCY (doggedly). Yes. Why not?

EVELYN (taking his hand). Poor old chap! I'm so sorry!

PERCY (ruefully). For me or for her?

EVELYN. For you, of course. It can't matter to her.

PERCY (ruefully). No, I suppose not.

EVELYN. Because, you see, she'll never know. But she'd be awfully sorry if she did.

PERCY. Well, that's some consolation.

EVELYN. What a pity it isn't someone else's house! Then you could try your luck.

PERCY. But now, I suppose, the laws of hospitality—

EVELYN. Oh yes! You know Mamma always says the laws of hospitality are as sacred as the Ten Commandments.

PERCY. Yes. It's very easy to talk like that, but—

EVELYN. But you know it's right, Percy.

PERCY. I know it's easy to talk, and, when you don't care, of course it's easy to do your duty.

EVELYN. I think you're very unkind. And, perhaps—perhaps I do care.

PERCY. For your friend—yes.

EVELYN. And perhaps for—for your friend.

PERCY. Hallo! You don't mean that you—?

EVELYN (rising, and walking across the room). Yes, I do. You taunted me, or I shouldn't have told you.

PERCY. Great Scott! Then we're both in the same box?

EVELYN (smiling sadly). It seems so.

PERCY. And do you mean to say you're going to make him propose to the other girl?

EVELYN. Of course! She's my guest.

PERCY. You're a brick, Evie. I'm proud of you.

EVELYN. I don't know that he cares a bit about me. Indeed, I don't suppose he can, because he's in love with Dulcie.

PERCY. You're quite sure of that?

EVELYN. Perfectly sure.

PERCY. I believe you like the idea of being a sort of martyr.

EVELYN. I know that it is my duty as hostess to make room for Dulcie.

PERCY. And mine, as host, to clear out for Sam?

EVELYN. Exactly.

PERCY. It is a pity that things couldn't have arranged themselves differently.

EVELYN. Yes, but we must make the best of it, old boy. Anyhow, we shall be doing our duty. You know that Mamma would be pleased.

PERCY. I wonder what Mamma would do herself in my place?

EVELYN. Rather a difficult position for her to be in, certainly.

PERCY. Don't split straws. In your place, then?

EVELYN. She would do as I am doing. I feel sure of it.

PERCY. I wish I did.

EVELYN. Percy! Do pull yourself together. It is Fate. I am quite resigned.

PERCY. You don't look it.

EVELYN. But I shall look it—by tea-time.

PERCY. Will it be all over by tea-time?

EVELYN (fervently). I trust so!

PERCY. I trust not.

EVELYN. Why not?

PERCY. I don't know. I hate to know the worst.

EVELYN. Do you? (Sublimely.) I love it!

PERCY. Oh, you gruesome little wretch!

EVELYN. I mean, I prefer it.

PERCY. Ah! Well, perhaps—

EVELYN (listening). Hush! they're coming! Quick! [Exeunt E. and S.]

[Enter R. DULCIE and SAM. They look round expectantly, and then proceed to examine pictures on opposite sides of the room.

SAM (aside). I wonder where the devil Percy's got to? I've been

dancing attendance on this confounded girl all the afternoon.

DULCIE (aside). I do wish this man would leave me alone. I hope he's not going to propose.

SAM (aloud). Lovely picture here. North Wales, I believe, or something of that kind.

DULCIE. You really ought to look at this photo. Evelyn at the age of six, I imagine. [They cross over.

DULCIE (aside). I'll pay Evie out for this!

SAM (aside). Why doesn't the young person go away?

DULCIE (sitting down). Do you fish, Mr. Robertson?

SAM (also sitting down—some distance away). No. (Pause.) Do you? [Pause.





THE PUBLIC PULSE.

BARBER : Lots of war news in the *M--l* this morning, Sir !

ALFR-D H-RMSW-RTH (*airily*) : Rather !

BARBER (*with confidence*) : But, Lord bless you, Sir, there's no believing these 'ere 'alfpenny papers !

SAM (*aside*). I hope she doesn't expect me to flirt with her. I must stick to the weather. (*Aloud*) Still raining, isn't it?

DULCIE (*with a show of much interest*). Is it really? How horrid! I hate rain. Don't you?

SAM. Oh yes! I really can't think why we have it.

DULCIE. No. It is so obviously absurd!

SAM. Obviously. [*A pause; they shuffle about uneasily.*]

DULCIE. Are you staying much longer?

SAM. I don't know at all. I hope—think so. Are you?

DULCIE (*aside*). This is getting too personal. (*Aloud*.) I go to-morrow.

SAM. Really? (*Aside*.) I absolutely refuse to be drawn into a flirtation.

DULCIE. I shall be sorry to go. (*Aside*.) I trust he won't be polite enough to get sentimental.

SAM. Naturally. (*Aside*.) I suppose I needn't say more than that.

DULCIE. The Merediths are such nice people!

SAM (*aside*). She's trying to pique me. (*Aloud*.) Awfully nice. Anyone would be sorry to leave them.

DULCIE. Oh yes! Have you known Mr. Meredith long?

SAM. We were at Oxford together. But I have never been able to get down here before.

DULCIE. Ah! That's how it is we have never met before. Of course, I have known Evie a long time.

SAM. Yes?

DULCIE. We were at school together.

SAM. Really? She's awfully nice, don't you think?

DULCIE. Naturally, I think so. I'm so glad you like her! (*Aside*.) I wonder whether he is in love with her.

SAM. Yes; she's most delightful.

DULCIE (*hesitatingly*). I—I think her brother is very much like her, don't you?

SAM (*aside*). I'll draw her out. (*Aloud*.) Ye—es. As much as a man can be like a girl. Of course, he can't be as nice.

DULCIE. Nonsense! I think he is—can be—quite as nice—or nicer.

SAM (*aside*). This will be good news for Percy—at least, I hope so. (*Aloud*.) You see, Percy has his faults.

DULCIE (*warmly*). And so has Evie. (*Aside*.) I'm sure he is in love with her. (*Aloud*.) You may not have noticed them, but I have.

SAM. Ah! But you are her friend, you see. Perhaps that is why I see so many in poor old Percy.

DULCIE. Really, Mr. Robertson, it doesn't sound very friendly of you to talk like that.

SAM. No? Well, what I think about the dear old fellow is that he is well-meaning enough, but so weak—so dreadfully weak!

DULCIE (*haughtily*). Do you think this is a very profitable discussion?

SAM. Candidly?

DULCIE. Of course.

SAM. I think it is the sheerest nonsense.

DULCIE. Thank you. Do you know, I think I'll go and look for Evie.

SAM (*aside*). I suppose I must go with her. (*Aloud*.) May I come with you?

DULCIE (*graciously*). Oh, certainly! (*Aside*.) I shall scream, I know I shall. [*Exeunt L.*]

[*Enter R. EVELYN and PERCY, both looking very miserable.*]

PERCY. If this is hospitality, preserve me from it!

EVELYN. Be brave, be brave!

PERCY. "Brave" be—

EVELYN. Percy!

PERCY. Condemned.

EVELYN. But you know we are doing right, Percy.

PERCY. I know it's easy to talk, and— Oh, sorry, old girl. I forgot.

EVELYN. If only he would do it!

PERCY. I don't believe he's going to.

EVELYN. I wish we knew for certain.

PERCY. Shall I ask him?

EVELYN. I'm afraid you'd make a mess of it.

PERCY. Well, you ask him.

EVELYN. How can I? If I were a man, it would be different.

PERCY (*suddenly jumping up*). I have it!

EVELYN. What?

PERCY (*excitedly*). It! You must pretend to be me.

EVELYN. Do be serious!

PERCY. I am; perfectly serious. Look here. (*Holds up Newmarket-coat*.) Put this on, quick!

EVELYN (*allowing herself to be enveloped in the coat*). What have I got to do?

PERCY (*clapping cap on her head*). Be brave! It is getting dark. I will send one of the servants to say I want to speak to him in here. You must sit in the shadow, and let him do the talking.

EVELYN (*nervously*). It's a splendid idea, only—

PERCY (*going*). It's magnificent! He'll never twig it. Now sit in that dark corner. You must find out everything.

EVELYN. But why don't you do it?

PERCY (*impressively*). Nothing like a woman's tact.

EVELYN. But if he finds me out?

PERCY. But he won't.

EVELYN. But if he does?

PERCY (*airily*). Oh, laugh it off, laugh it off!

EVELYN (*imploringly*). I can't, Percy.

PERCY. Oh yes, you can. But remember, be BRAVE! [*Exit R.*]

EVELYN. This is dreadful! I shall run away. (*Goes towards door L.*) Oh, he's coming! Whatever shall I do?

[*It is now dusk, and the light in room is very uncertain. Enter L. SAM.*]

SAM. Hallo, old chap, been looking for you all the morning! (*EVELYN laughs sarcastically.*) It's a fact, I assure you. Of course, Miss Clarke is very jolly. We had lots of fun together. Still (*EVELYN lights a cigarette*), one can have too much of a good thing. Chuck us a cigarette, confound you, and wake up a bit! (*He lights a cigarette.*) Got the hump, old fellow? (*EVELYN sighs deeply.*) Hard luck! To tell you the truth, I'm feeling a bit chippy myself. And I want to ask your advice. (*He examines both doors to see if they are shut.*)

EVELYN (*aside*). I wonder what he's going to tell me.

SAM (*coming back*). I've been meaning to consult you for some time, and it's no use putting it off any longer. (*He paces up and down the room.*) It's about your sister, old man. To tell you the truth, I've fallen head over heels in love with her, and I wanted to ask you if you thought it was fair for me to propose to her. (*He does not look at EVIE, who is much agitated.*) I'm not very well off, and that's the worst of it. But I work as hard as any man can, and I mean to get on. I think, if I were engaged to a girl like your sister, it would help a chap to keep on fighting. You mustn't be offended, old fellow. If you don't think I'm good enough for her, just say so straight out, and I shall understand. We have been friends too long to quarrel now. So what's the verdict? (*He turns round, and looks at EVELYN, who has buried her face in the cushions. Then he crosses the room quickly and bends over her. She is sobbing.*) Good Heavens! What does this mean? (*Dropping on to one knee, and taking her hand.*) Evelyn! My darling! What have I been doing?

[*EVELYN slips out of the coat and throws away the cap. Then, rising, she avoids him, and walks down the stage with her handkerchief to her eyes.*]

EVELYN. Oh, what have I done! What have I done! (*Drying her eyes, and turning half round.*) Let me try and explain to you, and then you must forgive me, if you can. We did it all for the best. We—Percy and I—thought that you were—were in love with Dulcie, and that she was in love with you. And, you see, she has to go to-morrow, and we thought you would like to propose to her first; and—and so we kept out of the way all the afternoon, and you didn't seem to have done it, and so we thought we had better find out whether you were really in love with her; and Percy wouldn't, and so I—I—oh, do please forgive me!

[*He takes her in his arms. PERCY suddenly looks in at the door R. He makes a gesture of profound astonishment, and quietly withdraws.*]

SAM. There is nothing to forgive. I'm not quite sure what I said, but, as long as it comes to the same in the end, I don't care.

EVELYN (*lovingly*). But I know what you said.

[*She draws his head down gently, and kisses him.*]

SAM (*leading her to a seat, and sitting down at her feet*). What a little goose you must be, not to have seen how it was!

EVELYN (*innocently*). I quite thought it was Dulcie.

SAM. And that's why I've seen so much of the young lady?

EVELYN. Of course! I wanted to be hospitable.

SAM. You must be an angel.

EVELYN. A very foolish one, then.

SAM. No, my darling, a very real one. Not one girl in a thousand would do what you have done.

EVELYN. Not if she was the hostess?

SAM (*smiling*). Not even if she was the hostess.

EVELYN. And then there is poor old Percy. Do you know, he is awfully in love with Dulcie, and he wouldn't try to cut you out.

SAM. Because he was the host?

EVELYN. Of course!

SAM. He's a brick. But I can tell you a secret. She is just as much in love with him.

EVELYN. Did she say so?

SAM. Not exactly. But, you know, we had to talk about something, and so we talked about you and Percy.

EVELYN. Really? And all the time we thought you were making love.

SAM. I think we bored each other considerably.

EVELYN. I must go and tell Percy. (*Goes towards door.*) Oh, here they come! [*Enter PERCY and DULCIE together.*]

PERCY. I came in a minute ago, by accident.

SAM. Oh, you did, did you? Then apologise and congratulate me in the same breath, please.

DULCIE (*to EVELYN*). You sweet old silly! You don't know what all afternoon we have had of it.

EVELYN. I'm so awfully sorry, dear! But everything seems to have turned out all right.

PERCY (*going towards DULCIE, and taking her hand*). Rather! I didn't lose much time after my accidental intrusion. (*To EVELYN.*) But we jolly nearly overdid it.

SAM. You did. I must have fallen a victim to Miss Dulcie's charms in another hour or so.

DULCIE. Long before which time I should have fainted.

EVELYN. That reminds me. I must order tea.

SAM. I'll come with you, if I may. [*Exeunt EVELYN and SAM R.*]

DULCIE. I wonder if it has stopped raining.

PERCY. Let's go and see.

[*He puts his arm round her shoulders. They walk towards the door L. Half-way he stops and kisses her. Then exeunt L.*]

CURTAIN.



## THEATRE GOSSIP.

It is probable that Mrs. Kettlewell, who fixed a special Criterion matinée for yesterday (Tuesday) of Mr. Charles Brookfield's latest adaptation, entitled "One Law for the Man," suffered in connection therewith her first disagreement with the Licensor of Plays. But for this little



MISS EDITH WOODWORTH (MRS. KETTLEWELL), WHO OPINES THERE IS "ONE LAW FOR THE MAN."

Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

impediment, "One Law for the Man," freely "drawn" from the French play, "La Loi de l'Homme," would have been produced last Friday afternoon. Happily, there was no kind of ill-feeling or petulance displayed between the fair and always vivacious producer, the always able but sometimes audacious adapter, and the indefatigable but occasionally inconsistent Licensor. And so, it appears that Mrs. Kettlewell—who was first known on the stage as Miss Edith Woodworth—seems so satisfied with her new-play bargain that she proposes, it is officially reported, to reproduce it ere long in some regular evening bill at the West-End. Whether Mr. Brookfield's latest "satire," which concerns the more or less "Eternal Masculine" as well as the always "Eternal Feminine," will stand such an ordeal as that remains, of course, to be seen. Mrs. Kettlewell has always manifested a deep concern in charitable affairs, helping oftentimes very largely in this or that benevolent scheme. Even as regards the performance of "One Law for the Man" at the Criterion, Mrs. Kettlewell arranged to give all "the surplus proceeds" towards helping to provide Christmas Dinners for Poor East-End Children.

It is more than likely that, by the time these lines appear in print, Sir Henry Irving will have signed "papers" whereby he arranges to play an American season, for not less than five months in each year, until further notice. The agreement in question stipulates that Sir Henry shall give a new production in each of these seasons. Thanks to this new agreement for annual five-months' seasons, plus his already arranged annual three-months' season at the Lyceum, and his usual spell of provincial touring, Sir Henry will not have much time for "resting." But, then, he never did have much of that sort of thing. Indeed, those who know the good Knight know that he cannot bear to be idle. The present writer has official warrant for stating that, even now, during his almost continuous playing in the United States, Sir Henry is busily preparing his next production for the Lyceum—namely, his Massacre of St. Bartholomew drama.

Speaking of the Lyceum, Mr. Wilson Barrett, who finishes his present season there next Saturday with "Hamlet," is rehearsing a new play, which, he tells me, he proposes to try either during his forthcoming Christmas season at the Métropole or, a little later, at the Theatre Royal, Brighton. This play is the work of himself and Mr. Elwyn Barron, an American author. It was really started some few years ago. Playgoers must not be surprised if they find this play of a somewhat romantic type, dealing, in point of fact, with a very strange sort of Wishing-Cap.

Mr. Wilson Barrett's revival of "Othello" seems very opportune during his tenure of the Lyceum. It is not, of course, the first time that he has presented the Moor of Venice to us, and will not be the last occasion upon which he will present to us, in his vigorous, picturesque style, that hapless slave of jealousy. Possibly, some critics find more of the melodramatic than the truly tragic in his rendering of the effective part, but, at least, all will concede his sincerity; and, alas, we are not

unacquainted in our days with Shaksperian performances in which the supreme virtue of sincerity is conspicuous by its absence. Miss Maud Jeffries is a charming Desdemona, albeit in the few livelier scenes she is slightly lachrymose in tone. The part of Iago was safe in the hands of such a sterling actor as Mr. Carter Edwards, and the general mounting and performance was distinctly praiseworthy.

"The Christian" and "The Gay Lord Quex," although a certain authoritative writer describes them somewhat definitely as "the two immoral plays," must, nevertheless, here be mentioned. As regards the first-named, that will be withdrawn from the Duke of York's next Saturday night, in order to make way, next Monday, for Mr. Jerome Klapka Jerome's comedy, "Miss Hobbs," which (with the strangely fascinating Miss Annie Russell in the name-part) has apparently achieved a very striking success in New York City. With regard to "The Gay Lord Quex," that "immoral" play of Mr. Pinero's will to-morrow (Thursday) celebrate its 250th performance at the Globe. In honour of this important event, Mr. Hare will devote the entire proceeds to the *Daily Telegraph's* Fund in aid of the families of our heroes in the Transvaal. This object is (or should be) what the "Wreck" in Mr. Pinero's play calls "very alluring," and the fact that this much-discussed play has run thus long would seem to show that the public regard the piece as ditto, ditto.

Another charity affair that always draws a good deal of money is the annual concert given in aid of the *Referee* Children's Dinner Fund by the members of the National Sporting Club at their well-equipped theatre, which was formerly Evan's famous Covent Garden Music-Hall. This really grand concert is to be given to-morrow (Thursday) night, from 9 till about 12.30, when almost every leading theatrical, musical, and variety artist will appear. The tickets, which are a sovereign apiece for the reserved seats, and half-a-sovereign for the unreserved, may be had of the Club's Manager, Mr. A. F. Bettinson.

"The King of England" is the extremely British name of the very newest American-made play. This may, ere long, be expected in the land after which it is named. Before then, however, we may expect to see in London the newest New York success, "Papa's Wife," the name, by the way, of the dainty comedietta written by Mr. F. C. Philips and Mr. Seymour Hicks, and supplied with music by Miss Ellaline Terriss, who is Mrs. Seymour Hicks.

Those who have surmised that the next Gaiety play will be from the pens (or stylographs) of Messrs. Harry Nicholls and J. T. Tanner surmise wrongly—or, at least, half-wrongly. For "Mr. Nicholls," read "Mr. Alfred Murray." Mr. Murray has not of late years made any play-writing sign. Time was, however, when, in collaboration with the late H. B. Farnie, he was wont to do excellent work in the comic-opera libretto line of business.

Mr. "Charlie" Hawtreys' welcome on his reappearance at the Avenue Theatre, in "A Message from Mars," must almost have compensated him for the loss and suffering due to the first-night accident. Londoners should flock to see so great a favourite performing with success a part out of his customary line. One might put Mr. Hawtreys' recent performances into four categories: firstly, that of the gay, debonaire, untruthful husband of farce; secondly, his light-character work as the baker in Mr. Burnand's agreeable trifle; thirdly, his performances as a comparatively truthful man-of-the-world and comedian, as in "Lord and Lady Algy" and "The Degenerates"; and now his appearance in a part with a pathetic touch—less pathetic, no doubt, than his beautiful work in "One Summer's Day."

The new Editor of the *Daily Chronicle* is likely to take as keen an interest in the drama as Mr. Massingham, his predecessor, who, it will be remembered, was one of the directors of "The New Century Theatre." For Mr. W. J. Fisher is the husband of a lady who, as Miss Adrienne Dairolles, is well known by London playgoers, although since her marriage she has favoured our stage too rarely with her presence. Her last performance that I can recollect was in June 1897, when she played the part of Marton in "A Marriage of Convenience," and gave quite a brilliant piece of acting as the impudent, saucy, and scheming chamber-maid. Miss Dairolles, who, as her name suggests, is not of English birth, certainly may be accepted as one of the best broken-English actresses on our stage. Although her forte lies rather in winning laughter than tears, I can remember a beautiful pathetic touch when she appeared in a play called "Mirage," written by Mr. Edwin Cleary, who at present is running Olympia. If Mr. Fisher's advancement means the definite retirement of Miss Dairolles from the stage, one is forced to regret that he has received his well-earned honour.



NELLY MOORE, THE FIRST ADA INGOT IN "DAVID GARRICK."

Photo by Walker and Sons, Cavendish Square.

## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Dec. 13, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, 4.49; Tuesday, 4.50.

Those of us who live in the South of England are fortunate. With the exception of occasional sloppy days, we can cycle the whole winter through. Indeed, those folks who enshroud their machines and stick them away in garrets during the cold months miss the best enjoyment of the year in riding. Just now, however, I am far from the fine roads in the counties about London. I am in Scotland, waiting patiently for the bad weather to cease troubling and give a man a chance of a little outdoor exercise.

It was in my mind to ride from Dumfries, through the country of Robert Burns, and on to Glasgow. In Dumfries, however, I found what the local folks call a wee bit mist, but which other people would describe as a most miserable downpour of rain. "How long have you had weather like this?" I inquired of the waiter at the hotel. "Oh, no for long," he replied; "jest a week or twa, na mair." I took a tramp on foot outside the town, and found the roads quagmires; the slush was inches deep, and in places there were lakes that stretched half across the road. When I ventured to comment on its condition to a native, his retort was, "Nabody but a something fule'd want ta beecycle the noo; ye canna hae fine weather a' th' year."

The journey from Dumfries to Glasgow was accordingly covered by rail. The road runs by the railway for many miles, and I shuddered at its condition. I have seen worse roads in China, but nowhere else. Yes, I have, though—in America. At times, the American roads can be very bad; but, then, the American cyclist is not dependent on the road. On the bank by the side he has a little cinder-track for his own particular and exclusive use. The local wheelmen always see to these tracks, and in the neighbourhood of big towns they are as broad as a footpath. Let the road be ever so miry, the cyclist, so long as it is not actually raining, has got nothing to grumble about. Cinders don't make mud; the track is always crisp and rideable. How I wish we had something of the kind in our own country! We will, no doubt, after other countries have had them for a quarter of a century. Indeed, probably we will have them earlier, when the time comes that cyclists are all registered and pay a small tax. If we can afford a bicycle, we should afford a modest five shillings without squealing about injustice. If we are to have advantages, let us pay for them.

Yesterday I came to Edinburgh. Alas and alas! "mine own romantic town" was just about as dejected as Sheffield in a fog. It was rainy and muggy, and the main end of Princes Street was "up." To-day it is dour and clammy and uninviting. Whether I will get out for a spin these next four or five days, I doubt. Just now I shrink from the mud of Scotland as the veriest novice shrinks from Sloane Street when there has been only the tiniest of sprinkles. I smile, however, at my own hesitancy, for I recall the time when I spent weeks plugging through mud in Burma, and when I lay down to sleep in wet clothes night after night on uncomfortable bamboo floors. Liking or disliking muddy roads all depends on one's frame of mind. Then I had a task before me, and, although I was pleased when the days were fine, I did not lack enjoyment of the miry ways. It is a great delight, no doubt, to be scrupulously clean. But it is a much greater delight to be unscrupulously dirty. I've tried both, and I know. Nowadays I am back to the conventions of civilisation, starched shirts, razors, and polished shoes, and so I wouldn't venture out to ride through the mud of Edinburgh were I paid for it.

Whenever there is anything freakish in the way of cycling, you may be certain the freak comes from the other side of the Atlantic. We have had the mile-a-minute man paced by a locomotive, the idiot who cycled on the top of a huge chimney for six days, the careless fellow who made his living by riding down the Capitol steps at Washington, and so on, and so on. The disease of freakdom so prevalent in the United States has extended into Canada, and two Canadians have brought it to England. They wanted their photographs taken, bicycles and all, on the top of the highest pillar at Stonehenge. One of them with difficulty climbed to the summit, then hauled up the bicycles, and then his

companion. Coming down, they damaged both themselves and their machines. No doubt we will be having an epidemic of this sort of thing among Britishers. I would suggest the dome of St. Paul's as a breezy place to ride and reap notoriety.

It is not generally known that the German Emperor, though not yet a cyclist, is a keen motorist. During his stay at Windsor, he was out on two of the mornings immediately after daybreak, and had a couple of hours' spin before breakfast. As the Emperor rode in a heavy coat, with the collar turned up to his ears and his cap pulled down over his eyes, hardly anybody recognised him.

When medical men began telling us of all the terrible diseases that were born of cycling, many of us probably felt we would have to give up the pastime. One of the chief things that made us tremble was that cycling enlarged the heart, and therefore was very dangerous; and I remember reading a paragraph saying that cyclists were rejected from the French Army by the thousand because their hearts were in a bad state from cycling. But, other times, other opinions. Medical men are now urging that cycling in moderation is good for people suffering from heart-disease. The quicker circulation of the blood produced by wheeling is admitted to be beneficial to a weak heart.

The "Medical Press" has been explaining the ailment known as bicycle-knee—a pain rather like rheumatism, due to the immoderate strain of the extensor muscles. The primary cause of bicycle-knee it puts down to using too high a gear, which throws an exaggerated strain on the muscles; or a saddle placed too low down, so that the flexion of the knee is unnecessarily increased. In the absence of either of these causes, hill-climbing had been known to bring on an attack of bicycle-knee; but, in reality, this amounts to the same thing as using too high a gear.

Ladies who do much cycling in the cold months might take a hint from their American cousins in regard to shoes. It is well to have the ankle free, but low shoes for cycling in cold and biting weather are not altogether comfortable. American girls wear a kind of top-boot, with the leather exceedingly soft and pliable about the ankle. An American lady with whom I occasionally ride tells me they are warm and pleasant, and she cannot understand why English girls keep to low shoes and get cold feet.

It is ungallant to say so, but, nevertheless, it is a fact that English girls are anything but good cyclists. This is partly due to the ridiculous but "very proper" dresses they persist in wearing, and it is also due to the fact that so few have had real instruction how to ride. One girl teaches another girl, and, as soon as she can wobble down a road without running into a cart, she considers herself a cyclist. A lady can be as graceful and neat on a bicycle as on a horse. What is required in London is a cycling-school for ladies where the instructors should be of the same sex. There is such a school in New York, exceedingly popular, and it, no doubt, has much to do in making the American girls neat and graceful cyclists. The Duchess of Marlborough, the Countess Castellane, the girls of the Goelet and Astor families, all learnt at this particular academy. Here, then, is a new and profitable field for some aristocratic dame who wants to embark in business.

The C.T.C. will next year make a big endeavour to catch up with the French Touring Club in point of membership. The Gallic Club has 63,000 members, and the British Club 60,000. It is quite a race as to who shall hold the foremost position.

There are several things that the cyclist should never forget in the winter. He may possibly not do as much riding as in the summer. But he should not leave his bicycle standing for three weeks on the tyres, which possibly get deflated. The machine should be on a stand. Then it is well to keep the tyres inflated, even though you are not riding. Clean the nickel frequently. Use vaseline unsparingly about the parts where water can enter to the bearings. If you have been riding much in the wet, remove the outer case of the tyre, and let it dry; if you don't, the fabric is liable to rot. Clothe yourself in wool, and be careful the saddle is not damp. Keep your mouth shut, and breathe through your nose.

J. F. F.



CYCLING IN KOMGHA, CAPE COLONY: THE LADIES ARE NOT CIVILISED UP TO THE DIVIDED SKIRT.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

Those sportsmen who have not yet begun keeping Christmas will no doubt patronise the Gatwick, Lingfield, and Windsor Meetings this week. The Metropolitan Steeplechase, at Gatwick, has not attracted many good jumpers. I think the race will be won by Lord Arravale if he stands up. The Croydon Hurdle Race may be won by Lexington or



LIEUT.-COLONEL LORD ALGERNON PERCY, 3RD BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS, AND M.F.H. NORTH WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS.

*Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*

Devil-May-Care, and the Mertsam Hurdle Race ought to go to Battalion II. I fancy the Winter Hurdle Handicap, at Lingfield, will be won by Exning Belle or Mitre. President may capture the Southern Counties Steeplechase, and Manatee ought to take the Youngsters' Hurdle Race. In the Stewards' Steeplechase I shall stand Berners, and Hermegild is nicely treated in the Hever Hurdle Handicap. Shackleton may run well for the Ashdown Hurdle Race. The Windsor Meeting will take place on Saturday, when Mill Girl ought to win the Clewer Steeplechase. Liebenstein should easily win the Maiden Hurdle Race, and Irish Girl ought to win the Thames Hurdle Race if there were any grounds for making her favourite the last time she was seen out. I like Heal for the Forest Steeplechase.

The sporting analysts and statisticians have commenced to deal with next year's Derby, and the majority of them, having thoroughly weighed up the form, come to the conclusion that the winner will spring from either Forfarshire or Democrat, but I am not so sure of that. I think, for instance, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's Diamond Jubilee will have to be reckoned with. This colt undoubtedly showed a lot of temper as a two-year-old, but I think it was only temporary, and it is far more likely to be eradicated than it is to develop when he grows older. Diamond Jubilee is not, in my opinion, a handsome horse to look upon. He displays in his fast paces too much of the gait of the American trotter to attract the eye. But, then, he was only half-furnished last year, and he is very likely to let down into a handsome three-year-old. Marsh thought highly of his chance before he ran at Ascot, and he is very likely to prove at Epsom that the Egerton House trainer was right.

Mr. James Lowther has called attention to the big fees paid by owners under the present system of racing, but nothing short of a revolution could alter the present state of affairs. I have for some time held the opinion that all the race-meetings, without a single exception, should be under one management. Of course, the vested-interest question

would have to be satisfactorily settled, and, this having been done, the Jockey Club could run the whole fixture-list for the benefit of the sport. Members' medals could then be sold admitting to any and every meeting, and annual tickets could be issued for Tattersall's and the cheaper rings. Then, if the railway companies could be induced to issue annual tickets to cover all the meetings held on their respective systems, any racegoer could on the opening-day take his medals and tickets for the whole season.

The racing coupons continue to yield well, and it is evident that amateur guessers continue to enjoy the fun immensely. I heard a very funny coupon story the other day that will bear repeating. A certain firm some years back offered £400 for the man who guessed six winners. It seems that one of the competitors had managed to get five right on the one line, and the sixth race was left for decision. The givers of the prize forthwith despatched their commission agent to the course to back the sixth horse to win £400, as they thought to equalise matters. But the animal started at 3 to 1 on, and lost, so the coupon promoters were actually £1200 out of pocket. It is just possible that some of the promoters of coupon competitions do a bit of hedging in these days, though I doubt if any of them ever meet with such a cruel experience as that related above, which, to say the very least of it, was hard lines on the gentlemen who did the guessing.

Racing meetings suffer a lot through the war, as so many officers who are just now on active duty seldom miss a home-meeting when they are in England. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that these gentlemen subscribe to the majority of the racecourse enclosures, so that they have to pay even though they are unable to play, and a crowded enclosure at Sandown or Kempton simply serves to show how many members pay annual subscriptions to the two meetings. True, the refreshment-contractors lose a lot of customers by the war, but the racing-clubs are not likely to pay a halfpenny less in dividends than they did last year, and their revenue will be very nearly up to the average. I believe the members' list at Sandown is quite full, and the Kempton people do well in the matter of numbers, while Gatwick, Hurst Park, Lingfield, and Alexandra Park are flourishing.

The young Duke of Manchester will find it hard work to become a successful journalist, even in America, where a man is given plenty of latitude to draw on his imagination. The Duke's father I knew well, and, as boys, we often played cricket and hunted together. His income, when he was Lord Mandeville, was limited, and he could afford to keep only one cob, but he generally managed to follow the hounds twice a-week and the harriers twice, and the little horse carried him across the Blackmoor Vale country as straight as the crow flies. I could ride well at the time, but neither of us could ever get in front of a one-armed farmer who rode an old grey mare. I have seen Farmer H. go for miles over hedges and ditches with the reins between his teeth, but I never saw him get a tumble of any sort.

CAPTAIN COE.

A very handsome presentation of a massive silver-gilt casket has recently been made to Mr. John Ramsay, of Kildalton, N.B., on the occasion of his attaining his majority, by the tenants and feuars on his estate. The work on the body of the casket, which is here illustrated, is in rich repoussé; the front panels depict coaching and golfing; the centre bearing the inscription. The back is occupied by shooting and fishing scenes, with the family crest and motto, "Nil timere," in the centre in

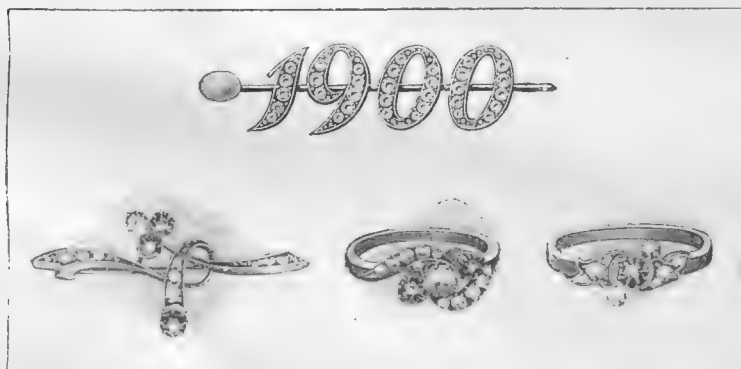


relief. The lid, which, like the plinth of the casket, has fine lines and mouldings, is richly decorated with Celtic work, the whole being surmounted by a royal stag. Messrs. Mappin Brothers, of Queen's Works, Sheffield and London, were entrusted with the design and manufacture of the trophy, which is a splendid specimen of the silversmith's handiwork.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES.

Charing Cross, as one of the world's most classic centres, is the eternal rallying-point of many interests, historical, pictorial, political, and last, but not least, commercial. Once chiefly known as the resting-place of a "Chère Reine," whence its present corrupted pronunciation, as all men knoweth, it is now the happy hunting-ground of a hundred various



NEW JEWELLERY AT THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS'.

interests, which have not been decreased, from the feminine point of view, since the Grand Hotel first reared its many storeys on the site of a historical mansion, and added to the attractions of a great modern hostelry the smart jewellers' and silversmiths' shops which intensify so greatly the interest of one's walks abroad.

The Association of Diamond Merchants, at 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, is a well-established case in point of the attraction which a seductive shop-window exercises on the receptive human mind of whatever gender. Nor can one ever pass through this vortex of a meeting-place without being drawn by the single hair of beauty to this plate-glass repository of many jewels, where similarly-interested atoms of the crowd are ever found in a state of fascinated coma.

It is an open secret that diamonds have lately gone up in the market to a serious extent, and are not likely, moreover, to fall to their original value, for, notwithstanding the greatly increased output of late years, the demand of this quickly enriched generation exceeds Dame Nature's generous supplies, and the wisdom of present purchase is apparent to those "who know." In this connection it may be remarked that the Diamond Merchants' Association are enabled, through large previous purchases, to still supply their customers with these gems at prices which make present expenditure an investment.

Many of the Association's designs are remarkable for their beauty and originality, one of the larger pieces of gem-work which will claim special admiration from women who understand the art of adornment being a diamond epaulette, made in festoons of pure brilliants, intended to be worn on one shoulder, after the present fashion. Many of the tiaras and ornaments for the hair, which take the form of aigrettes, are extremely beautiful, and have the further advantage of being unlike any patterns seen elsewhere. A scarabæus formed of one great pearl, with diamond claws, is one of the many perfectly lovely models of the insect tribe which are now so much the vogue for both hair and corsage.

Heart-shaped diamond pendants in all sizes also remain a speciality with the Association, and are more than ever worn with fine gold necklets. Many registered patterns in pearl and diamond collarettes will also be found in their selection, and another notable speciality with these expert tradesmen are the diamond suns made up of double cut brilliants, which, from the beauty of their design, look so delightful in the hair.

Among smaller articles particularly suitable for Christmas presents which will be found in the company's newly issued catalogue are a ruby, sapphire, and diamond brooch of delicate design and best workmanship, which costs only £5 15s., and is reproduced for the benefit of the gift-giver; also a ruby and diamond ring in the new shape, which was first brought out by a Monte Carlo jeweller. The price of this jewel is £8 15s. A smaller ring in the same diamonds is sold at five guineas, which is particularly cheap considering the present value of stones. A dainty diamond and pearl pin, equally suitable as a gift for the manly or feminine cravat, is also reproduced, and can be annexed for the convenient price of £6 5s., which will perhaps give some idea of the general moderation not only in jewels, but in the large stock of silver plate which this firm also holds.

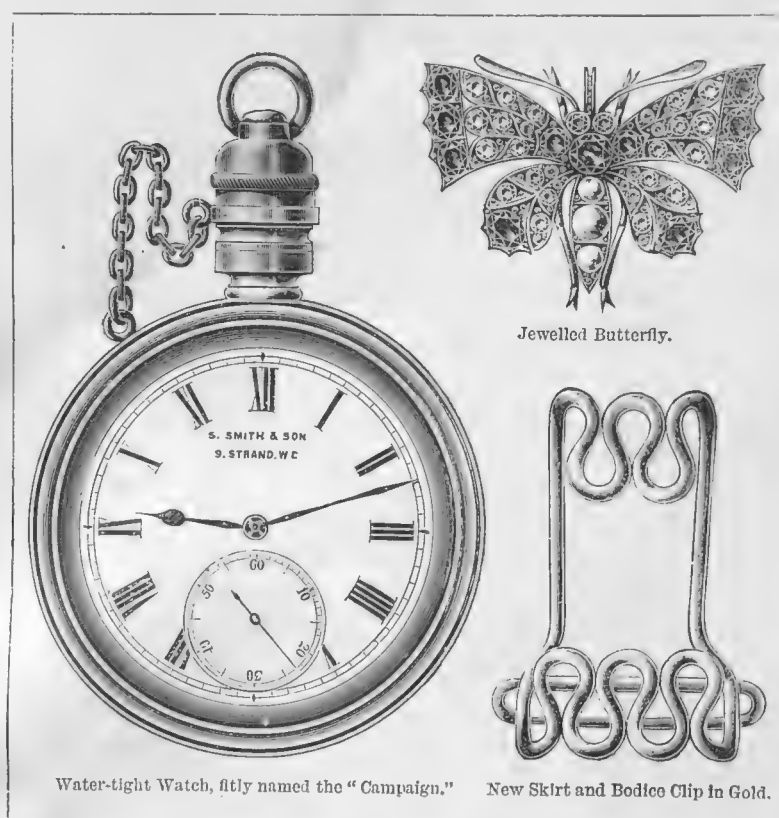
A few doors further along—at Messrs. Smith and Son's, in fact, well known as of 9, Strand, London—one comes upon the show-place of one of the greatest watch and clock factories in Town. As watchmakers to the Admiralty, Messrs. Smith and Son's reputation is already hall-marked, and, in their relation to the daily needs of the "man in the street," it may be pointed out that there is no more satisfactory or reliable head-centre of time-pieces and time-keepers in the United Kingdom. One of their novelties, which now, in this time of Transvaal strain and stress, will especially appeal to the "Absent-Minded Beggar

ordered South," is this model of an explorer's and traveller's water-tight watch, which, instead of the ordinary spring, has a screwed-on back, and is thereby constructed to stand all vicissitudes and circumstances. It is interesting to notice how one of these watches, which has been immersed for months past in the window at No. 9, Strand, keeps its regular tick when taken out of its water-filled vase. Its keyless action is protected by a screw top, and the whole workmanship of this ingenious time-keeper is of the finest make and the most reliable adjustment. Neither heat, cold, change of position, nor immersion in water will alter its faithful record of the flying hour, and to officers going to the front its qualities should be invaluable. Another new departure of Messrs. Smith and Son is the chronograph of diminished size and dainty make especially evolved for the benefit of the fair sex.

Ladies' watches being notoriously subject to lapses of such unconsidered trifles as minutes, Messrs. Smith and Son have introduced, for a modest £15, an unimpeachable watch, perfect in appearance and, like the well-bred hunter, "warranted in action"; and the reproach of never keeping an appointment may therefore be once and for ever removed from our often-libelled sex. Messrs. Smith and Son's comprehensive illustrated guide to the purchase of a watch should be in the hands of everyone.

Numberless interesting details can be found in its pages, amongst others that of the non-magnetisable watch, with which they have established a record disposing of all the old theories on the subject of its impossibility. From the most modest prices to the most portentous, all may suit themselves at this head-centre of "horlogerie," and from the mechanic, who loves a piece of sound mechanism for its own sake, to the most frivolous and fanciful fair, who affects a time-piece about the size of an ordinary shirt-button, all will find that the varying grades of Messrs. Smith and Son's manufactures are equally sound in practice. In the matter of jewellery, they do wonderful things, as this delightful brooch of sapphires, rubies, and brilliants will amply testify. Messrs. Smith and Son have, by the way, a second-hand stock of jewels in hand at present which, considering the advanced prices of diamonds, it would well repay discriminating purchasers to look through, as most of the articles are about half the price of present market value.

Particularly productive of novelties, this season more than ever, is the prominent firm of Mappin Brothers, whose fascinating shop-front in Regent Street has already a queue three deep of interested spectators on Christmas shopping intent. Mappin Brothers' original idea of collecting cartridges from Khartoum battlefields and fitting them as pocket-pencils has resulted in a phenomenal success. With the Sirdar's approval and consent, these touching souvenirs of an epoch in African history have been conveyed in thousands to Mappin Brothers' workshops, where, for 4s. 6d., they are fitted with white-metal pencils, and with sterling silver are sold at half-a-guinea. Ten per cent. of the profits go



Water-tight Watch, fitly named the "Campaign."

Jewelled Butterfly.

New Skirt and Bodice Clip in Gold.

JEWELLERY AT S. SMITH AND SON'S, STRAND.

to the Gordon Memorial Fund, so that a cheque of some robustness will reach the cause through the enterprise and most commendable alertness of this public-spirited firm. Arabic copper coins looted from the Khalifa's treasury are used by them as the centre-pieces of silver ash-trays, and are also amongst the latest quite exclusive Christmas novelties offered.



Amongst many fascinating objects is this charming example of a *café-au-lait* set in pierced silver here illustrated; another sketch shows a Sedan-shaped box of pierced and embossed silver, really contrived to hold two packs of Patience-cards. As a present for a mere



NOVELTIES AT MAPPIN BROTHERS'.

man, all will be found to appreciate also this delightful little card- and cigarette-case combined, which unites two indispensable articles and does away with superfluous luggage in the manly breast-pocket.

The revival of many quaint old fashions has, amongst the rest, brought pot-pourri again to the front, and boxes of pierced silver specially made to contain its old-world fragrance are to be seen in many seductive forms at Mappin Brothers'. Tiny gun-metal clocks inlaid with paste or turquoise are dainty for the writing- or dressing-table. Silver bellows, which ornamentally supersede the feather duster of past usage, and a thousand other original and charming trifles, claim attention from the Christmas-present giver, a last and decidedly most artistic invention being the etched silver flower-vases and bowls, produced by a new and laborious method which out-Cæsars all other methods of imbuing silver-ware with an æsthetic value apart from and superior to its mere intrinsic worth.

So many connoisseurs prefer their champagne decanted nowadays that the champagne-jug is almost as much a vogue as the claret-jug of crusted custom. The best points in these new toys for the grown-up children of the world are illustrated in splendid beakers of cut-glass and crystal produced by the foregoing firm, while yet one other notable revival should be seen at Mappin Brothers' in the shape of very gorgeous silver flower-vases, bar-pierced in the George III. manner, and fitted with dark-blue glass linings. No more welcome Christmas gift could be given than either of the above, which, while exceedingly useful, are, in the most unequivocal manner, *objets d'art* to boot.

In connection with travelling and the nimble-fingered thief, who seems to scent from afar the particular bag or valise that holds our

jewelled belongings, it seems fraught with risk in these days of scientific thieving to carry, as so many women do, valuable jewels from one house or country to another, when exact presentments can be made to do duty with equal effect and so much safety. In a quite recent diamond robbery, only one "imitation" bauble was looted with the rest, and that was a five-foot rope of pearls, according to the newspaper particulars. How unfortunate for their owner that all her other ornaments were not "copies" as well! The Parisian Diamond Company have, as all the world knoweth, raised the reproduction of all gems, and, perhaps, pearls more especially, into a fine art, as the exquisite gem-work shown at their three different repositories, in Bond Street, Burlington Arcade, and 143, Regent Street, respectively, amply illustrates, and the most captious critics and critical experts have been deceived as to the reality of these wonderfully simulated gems. A few illustrations, taken at random from dozens of equally excellent designs, indicate special objects suitable for Christmas gifts. Both brooches and the hat-pin are copies of fine antiques, while the screw ear-rings (adapted for unpierced ears) are now the last and most indispensable accessories of a smart woman's *ensemble*. The Company's new Catalogue of Novelties should be applied for forthwith. It is in itself a work of art, and worth obtaining if for that reason alone.

The unquenchable thirst for novelties with which this generation is smitten hip and thigh is nowhere more completely catered for than by the enterprising firm of Alexander Clark and Co., at 188, Oxford Street. With a growing reputation as specialists in jewellery, they are also already well known as one of the smartest and most inexpensive firms in all that relates to silver-ware, dressing- and kit-boxes, and fancy articles generally, one of their leading specialities being gun-metal articles set with real turquoise, which are sold by them at exceptionally low prices. A gun-metal match- and sovereign-case, another which contains pencil, stamps, visiting-cards, and sovereigns, exemplify the art of many things in little space; smoker's companions, pen-holders, triple-coloured pencils, cigar-cutters, envelope-openers, and other articles in the same charming combination are to be seen there without end.

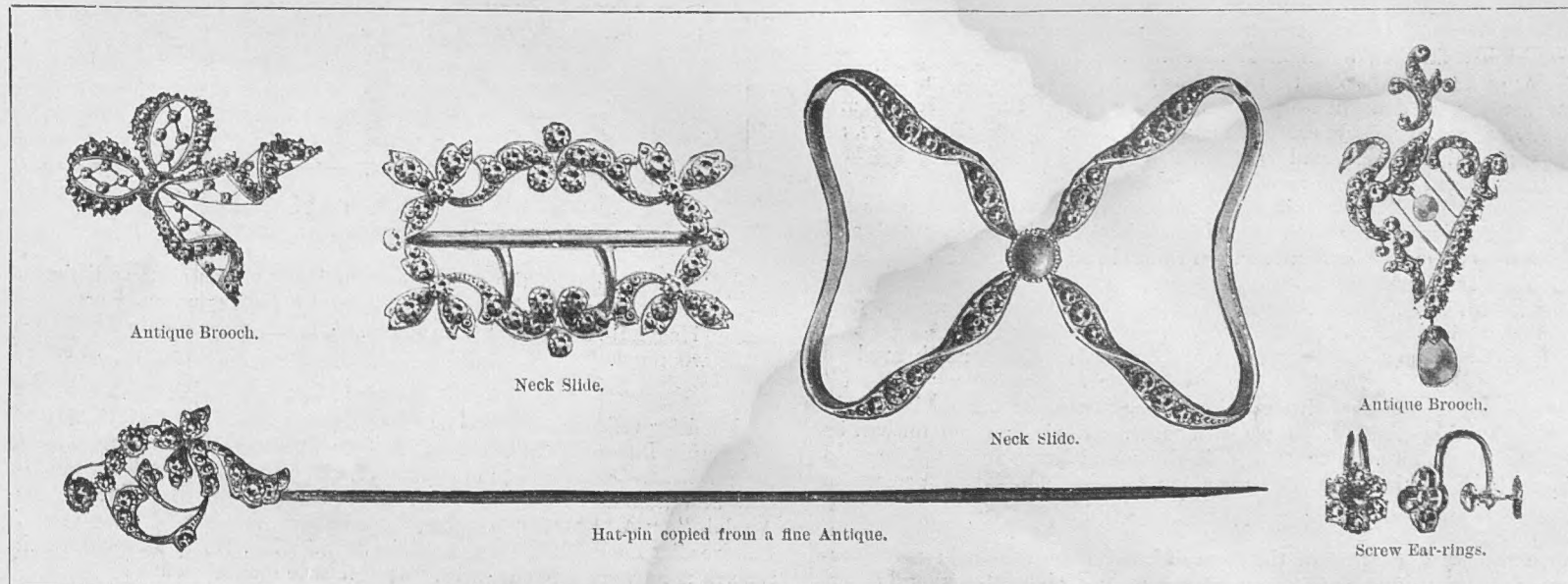
Of silver articles, embossed after the Dutch fashion, plain or English-engraved, there is a great choice. Blotting-cases in crushed morocco-leather, with heavy silver mounts, are things of use and beauty, as also are silver glove-boxes in the Louis XIV. manner, while silver tobacco-boxes with spring lids and gilt inside are obtainable at the easy price of 25s.

The new silver combined whistle, match-box and compass is an article of use and elegance that any man would be glad to receive as a Christmas cadeau. The new Watteau toilet-set in hammered silver would embellish any toilet-table, and is sold by Messrs. Alexander Clark at about one-fifth of the price it would have fetched a few years back. By sending for their new catalogue and referring to page 24, where it is represented at length, people can see for themselves how get-at-able are the prices at which it can be obtained, and the splendid array of ostrich-feather fans therein illustrated will surprise the purchasers by reason of their extremely moderate prices.

One of the smartest new ideas and improvements in an article of everyday use will be found in the new automatic card-case, which, by pressing a spring, ejects a single card, its self-closing lid preventing the rest from becoming soiled. People who visit much will readily appreciate this really serviceable idea.

The Alexander Clark Company is advertising a "Special" toilet-set of entirely new design in solid silver, which is illustrated on page 34 of their catalogue, and which is also very noteworthy for the moderation of its price and the beauty of its design.

Their dressing-bag department is an extremely strong feature with the firm, and those who wish to plunge in the matter of suit-case or travelling-bag at this season of festivity and travelling will do well to negotiate the company's stock, which includes many varieties, from the lowest price upwards.



Antique Brooch.

Neck Slide.

Neck Slide.

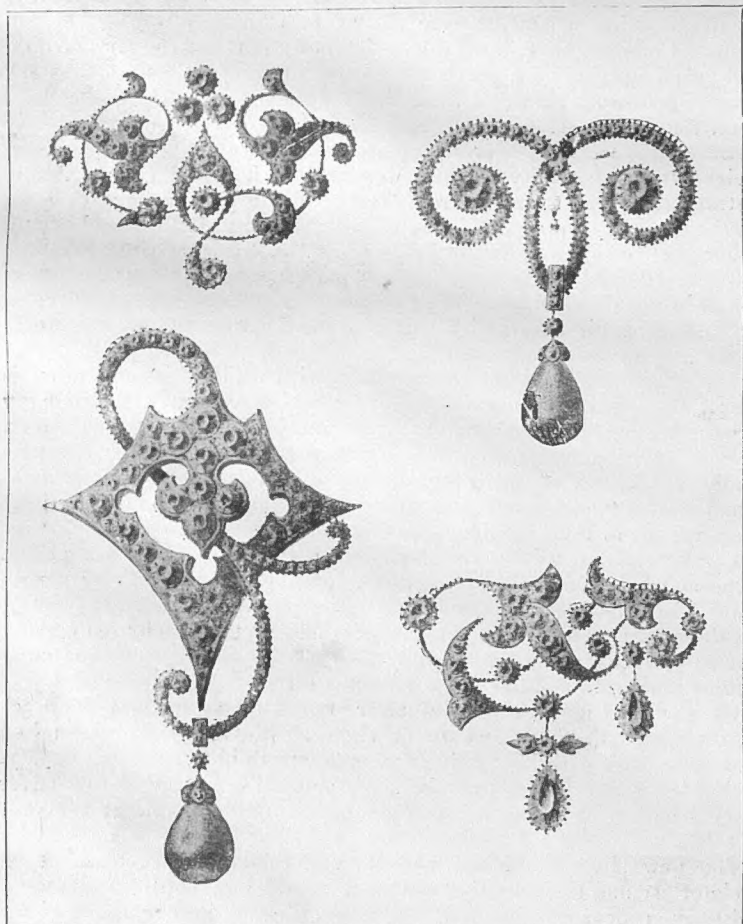
Hat-pin copied from a fine Antique.

Antique Brooch.

Screw Ear-rings.



Apropos of diamonds and the annexation thereof, it will interest a large audience, from the "best people" downwards, to know that Messrs. J. W. Benson, Limited, of Old Bond Street, and with branches at Ludgate Hill and Royal Exchange, have started for the convenience of their customers a method of hire-purchase on the system of the *Times* "Encyclopædia Britannica," and of the celebrated furnishing firm in



FOUR BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS OF MESSRS. BENSON'S GEM-WORK.

ALL TO BE HAD ON THE HIRE-PURCHASE SYSTEM OF MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

Queen Victoria Street whose method of easy payment for the better classes was first brought into favourable notice by the perennial Mr. Labouchere, whose eulogy of their system in *Truth* is now a classic. From £20 upwards, Messrs. Benson supply jewellery to this jewellery-loving generation on the system of twenty months' payments at ten per cent, which secures its immediate use, and, moreover, by buying these diamonds at the present time a saving is assured of at least thirty per cent. on the present value, there being, as we all know, a constant increase in the value of these stones. On this page will be seen four original and very beautiful designs of Messrs. Benson's gem-work; but, though the annexation of such desirable belongings will not appear perhaps off-hand within the reach of everybody, by this easy-purchase system everything is made possible, and it is not even necessary to wait for the consummation of one's desires, as is the case with most other subluxary affairs, since the joy of possession is possible after the first payment.

Parkins and Gotto's list of Christmas novelties, whether for the schoolroom, toy-chest, or boudoir, is particularly complete this season. As usual, the small people are especially well looked after, and a most complete and fascinating array of toys will be found in the handsome show-rooms at 54, Oxford Street, from dolls and Noah's arks even to the most highly finished mechanical invention.

For games of all sorts this firm has always been the *doyen*, and this year many new departures and devices for killing time agreeably are shown, as well as such crusted favourites, done up in smart cases, as Picquet, Whist, Bridge, and so forth.

Tourists and campaigners will be glad to meet with a new *multum-in-parvo*, consisting of a pig-skin case, fitted with all possible appliances for a far-afield journey, which Parkins and Gotto have invented and baptised as their "campaign-case." Frames in all varieties and shapes, of which particular mention should be made, in the new shaded crushed Agate, will also fascinate the searcher after fresh fields and pastures new in present-giving.

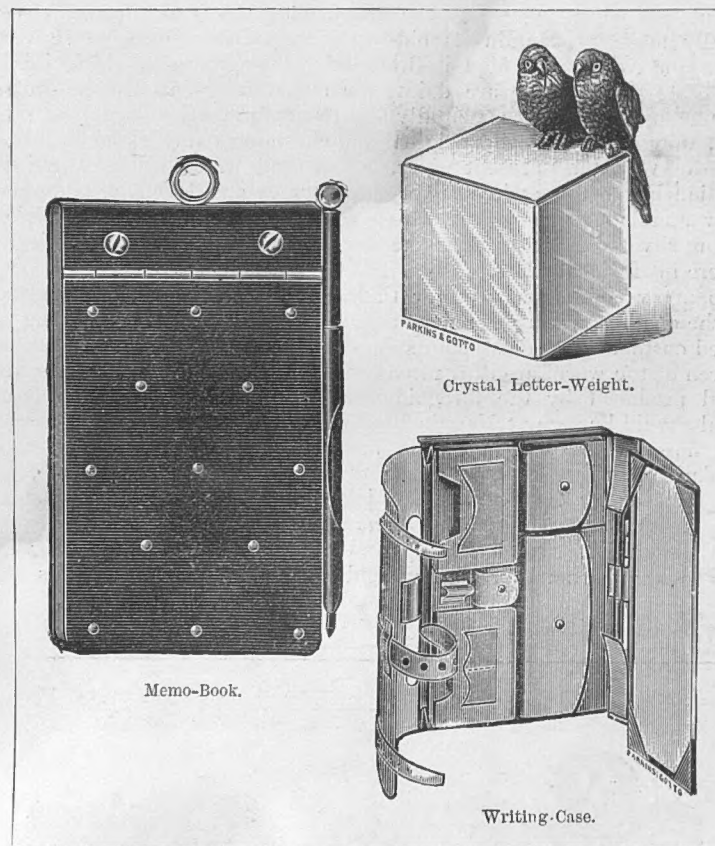
Picnic-knives, as useful presents for boys, will recommend themselves no less than scissors and work-cases for girls. The new "pull-off" cigar-case, in which these luxuries lie oblong instead of straight in the old way, is another novelty. Race-card cases, with ring and chain, will be found acceptable to frequenters of Sandown and Newmarket. The gold Monte Carlo chain-purse, as shown by Parkins and Gotto, seems an improvement on all others. Silver and electro-plated novelties in endless array are about on all sides. New versions of the fashionable chain-purse also, with charms in the form of lucky pigs attached; manicure-cases from the simplest to the smartest designs; cigarette-paper holders

in silver or enamel for those who like to make their own weeds; writing-pads which can also be adjusted as invalid-tables; gun-metal set with real turquoise in all manner of charming designs, cigarette-cases, memo-books, sovereign-purses, detachable pencils, match-boxes, and what not, besides other dainty trifles in crystal and bronze, which are amongst this year's novelties, such as ash-bowls, match-stands, crystal globes, and the dainty cube here illustrated, which shows a couple of love-birds in real bronze and natural colours on a crystal letter-weight, all at the modest price of 10s. 6d. Writing requisites in green and brown Morocco daintily gold-tooled are also charming for presents, while the always welcome opera-glass or scent-bottle will be found in the endless variety of Messrs. Parkins and Gotto's Christmas novelties.

The lollipop period is one which always abides with us. We begin at the teething stage, and even when our useful molars which have accompanied us through youth and into middle-age have laid down the burden of their labours and are replaced by the perennial product of the dentist's art, we still continue our sweet-toothed practices. I know of no makers of good things more to blame for this reprehensible childishness on our part than Messrs. Fry and Sons, of Bristol and chocolate-making renown. Their goodies are so good that we never lose our taste for them, and the Christmas pantry unflanked by plentiful stores of Fry's Chocolate would indeed be an incomplete quantity.

Some of the fancy oblong hand-painted satin boxes filled with their delicious sweetmeats prepared for this season's use and presentation are extremely beautiful and artistic. The cases in which their chocolates are enclosed present various fascinating forms—plush cabinets, gilt-handled caddies, coloured albums with brass clasps, glove-boxes in hand-painted silk, pipe-racks in painted satin and velvet, and many other boxes of varying elegance and originality, from a guinea down to the nimble sixpence, are all on view, and present an amazing variety. For the little ones, Fry's Chocolate alphabet-blocks, at one shilling the box, are very amusing; a miniature hansom, Uncle Tom's cabin, shoe-blacks, match-boxes, Punch and Judy shows, are all amongst the various novelties with which Messrs. Fry so well understand how to tickle the young and the old imagination.

The utilitarian makers of Scrubb's Ammonia have prepared, as useful Christmas presents for the domesticated *Frau*, boxes containing four bottles of their invaluable Cloudy Ammonia, as well as two boxes of their excellent soap, which is now such a vogue with those who are properly careful of their cuticle. Anybody who pants for presents with a strictly utilitarian tone rather than for mere ornamentation may be



NOVELTIES AT PARKINS AND GOTTO'S.

safely treated to one of these excellent cabinets, which costs so little and accomplishes so much. Messrs. Scrubb and Co. have generously presented to the Hospital-ship *Maine* a large consignment of Ammonia for the use of the wounded.

SYBIL.

Food for reflection for the famous "Entente Cordiale" at their next meeting in London. In one Parisian journal, the other morning, among the publishers' announcements appeared the following cheerful titles for new and popular works: "Mort aux Anglais," "La Guerre aux Anglais," "A bas les Anglais," "Sus aux Anglais," "La Vice à Londres," "La Pudibonderie Anglaise." As Mr. Harry Randall would remark if he were a Frenchman, "Que tout le monde vienne!"



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 27*

## THE MARKETS.

The Bank Return cannot be considered a good one, for the result of a 6 per cent. rate has been to attract a mere infinitesimal amount of gold to the central institution, and yet we think from present indications that, if only Sir Redvers Buller would give us a victory or two, the evils of a 7 per cent. rate might possibly be avoided. To write on the future

stranger with some little interest, each wondering how to draw him out upon the one subject uppermost in their minds. The Banker relieved them of the trouble by saying—

"We are glad to have the pleasure of meeting you, sir. In this compartment, No. 98, we gather each morning on the way to town to discuss the momentous questions that affect our glorious Empire—"

"Not to mention the other music-halls," observed The Jobber under his breath.

"And to endeavour, by mutual exchange of thought, to gather some views that will help us to foresee the possible course of—"

"Milwaukeees," said the irrepressible one.

"Of events, I was going to observe," The Banker continued. "And I think I may speak for the carriage in saying that any fresh light thrown upon the lamentable state of affairs in the Transvaal would be particularly valuable at the present moment."

"Well," began the stranger, "I am only a Mining Engineer, you know, and they don't go for much nowadays—"

"But you don't hail from West Australia, do you?" demanded The Broker. "No, I thought not. Excuse me for interrupting; but it makes all the difference, you see."

The Mining Engineer laughed a little. "What do you want to ask me?" he said.

"Tell us something about the country. Will the war make Kaffir prices better when it's all over? Is the country itself all right? Any more gold left?"

Again a smile lighted up the weather-beaten features.

"You are asking me a good deal all at once, aren't you?" he replied. "Well, let me see if I can answer. Only, mind you, I am no authority, and can but tell you what my own views are after living five or six years out there in Johannesburg."

"Go ahead, Joe," said his brother approvingly.

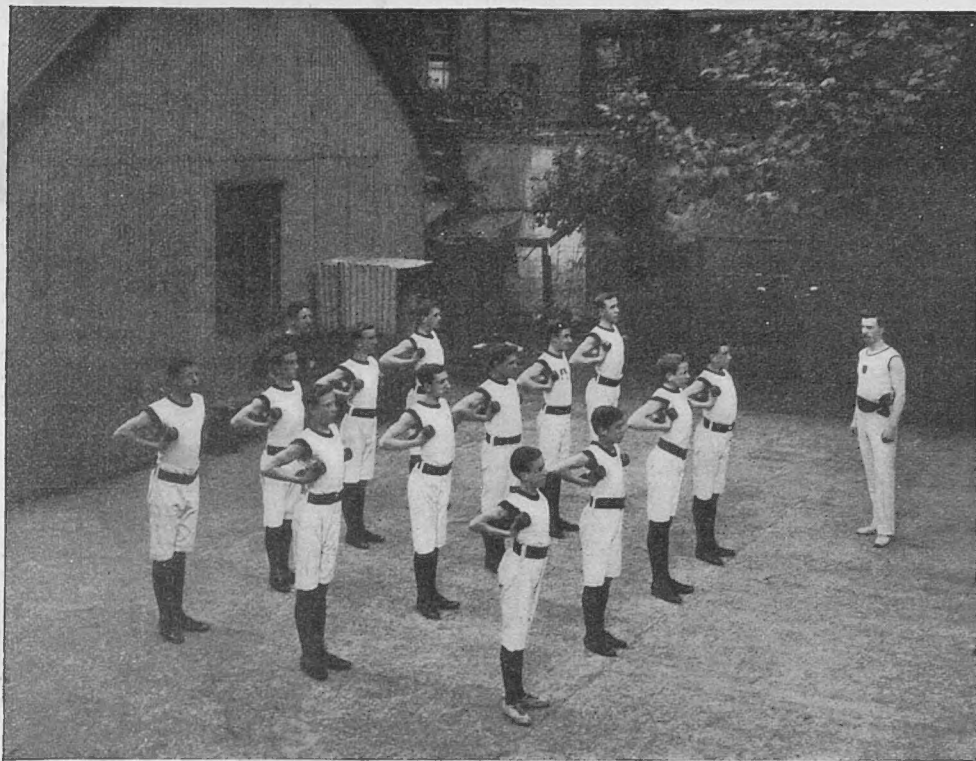
"Kaffir prices, I think your first question was about? I do not see how the inevitable result of the war can fail to give the gold-mining industry an enormous fillip. The Boers will probably damage the mines and wreck a good deal of machinery, and to repair that will take time; but my personal idea is that we shall see prices much higher after the war than they are now, and my brother tells me they have had a pretty big rise this year, as it is."

"H'm!" said The Broker. "Now, what about the country?"

"One of the finest in the world," was the enthusiastic response. "It has quantities of minerals of all descriptions that only need encouragement in working for them to turn out almost as important as gold-mining. Why, you will see that, after the country becomes British, the Transvaal will be exporting to the Mother Country any number of things which she imports now. And then there is the gold industry besides. Nobody knows what that country will be able to turn out when once it gets a fair chance."

"What shall we buy ourselves?" queried The Merchant.

"I don't like to advise anything in particular," returned The Expert, "but I think some of the Simmer and Jack properties will develop wonderfully in a few years' time."



DRILLING AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE HOME FOR FATHERLESS BOYS.

of the Market with two great battles evidently about to be fought is next-door to impossible, and our readers must forgive us if we do not launch into anything like prophecy until the course of events in South Africa and the probable duration of the war are a little clearer. We have never posed as military experts, and, despite the common and prevailing fashion of criticising our Generals, we do not propose to begin at this stage.

The effects of dear money are beginning to make themselves very evident upon investment stocks, such as Corporation Loans, Colonial and English Railway Debentures, none of which can be sold with any certainty in big lots, for, with a 6 per cent. Bank Rate, the jobbers do not want to be saddled with stock, and the public can do better by placing their available cash upon deposit with a first-rate bank than by buying securities to yield 3 per cent. or less. There can be no doubt that, as we have several times pointed out, if the present stringency continues for a few months, the general level of prices for gilt-edged stocks must come down considerably; meanwhile, as a sign of the times, the Glasgow Corporation is paying high rates for deposits, and it is said that no inconsiderable quantity of its bills are floating about for discount at prevailing prices.

The only popular interest, so far as the Stock Exchange is concerned, appears to be centred in the mining section, where, of course, the majority play for speculation on a big scale. Transvaal shares have kept their price wonderfully considering the adverse circumstances and the uncertainty of what the position of many properties may be when the war is over, but West Australians have had several uncomfortable half-hours of late, and Rhodesians are, in the majority of cases, at absurdly inflated prices.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS.

"Here they are. Come along in!" exclaimed the voice of The Engineer outside the carriage-door. "Good morning everybody," he said, his good-natured face coming into view, followed by his bulky form and a smaller edition of himself in the rear.

"Gentlemen, my brother; Joe, my friends," was his informal introduction of the new-comer. "Mining Engineer," he went on with some touch of pride in his voice; "almost the last man to leave Johannesburg before the war broke out, and only just home."

The Broker and The Jobber began to eye the



THE NAVAL BRIGADE OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE HOME FOR FATHERLESS BOYS.



"Simmer East or West?" inquired The Broker.

"Wests for choice; but, mind you, it is what you people over here call a long-shot. And, besides, it may be some time—March, perhaps—before the war is over. We have still the Boers to reckon with, and, even if Joubert is really dead, there is Kruger, and he—"

The Jobber had been softly humming to himself as he listened, but his feelings overcame him at this reference to Kruger, and he burst into song—

"Oh, he'll get a dum-dum  
In his little tum-t—"

"SIR!!" thundered The Banker, outraged modesty quivering to the very rims of his spectacles.

"So he will," calmly replied the offender. "I beg your pardon, all the same," he went on with cheerfulness. "Took my brood to the Christy Minstrels last night, don't you know?"

"I do not see that that is any excuse for such ill-timed—"

"No, neither do I," chimed in The Broker, glad to be able to agree with his best client. "You go and spend loads of money on yourself," he said to The Jobber sententiously, "and I don't for a minute suppose you have given anything to—"

"Oh, carry me out, somebody!" said The Jobber. "He's going to make another appeal!"

"No, I'm not. But do you know the House has got five boys serving at the front?"

"No. What do you mean?" The Jobber spoke with interest.

"Why, you know that Stock Exchange Home for Fatherless Boys affair that the House maintains, don't you? Well, five of their fellows are now in South Africa, serving with various regiments—the Devonshire, the Welsh Fusiliers, the Naval Brigade, and two others—that is, if the boys are alive," he continued gravely.

"I have heard of the Home," said The Jobber; "but is it doing any good?"

The Merchant thought that a quintet of boys fighting for their country was a distinct gain to the community.

"Yes; they are pretty rough when they come in, too, some of them," said The Broker. "The other day the Home took a dozen fatherless boys from the Soldiers and Sailors' Families Association. It does no end of good, but I suppose its treasury will suffer, like the rest of the home charities, now that everyone is giving to the War Funds."

"To whom must one send one's cheque?" said The Banker practically. "This is just the sort of thing I like to support myself."

"Oh, I mustn't tell you, because it might be advertising, you know. Look here! I will show you the last report," and he drew out a booklet from his pocket.

The Banker looked through the pages, and studied the officers' names. Then he took out his note-book and wrote down "C. A. Stein, Esq." "The Stock Exchange" will be sufficient address, no doubt?" he asked The Broker.

"Quite sufficient," answered the House-man.

#### HOME RAILS.

Considering the many adverse circumstances with which it has lately had to contend, the Home Railway Market must consider itself fortunate in having escaped a worse fall than that which it has experienced already. No department of the Stock Exchange suffers so much from dear money, and no department has, as a rule, less outside aid in the shape of speculation, to render its prices pliable. With a stiff Bank Rate and no business worth mentioning, the market has maintained its strength remarkably well, and its hardness of tone must augur happy things when the time shall come for the adverse influences now at work to flee away. The Board of Trade returns issued a few days ago spoke of the wonderful development still going on in the country's export business, and this, of course, tells greatly in favour of the leading railways, which get their full share of the improvement. Moreover, the traffic receipts in nearly every instance are extremely good, and if only the Companies' reports next February shall tell of a high-water mark having been reached as regards working charges, we may fairly expect a marked revival in Home Railway stocks. In the meantime, however, the Money Market is in a very sensitive frame of mind, and prices of Home Rails may recede before going better. That they will advance within the next six months, however, we have no doubt.

The proposal of Mr. "Nath" Spens, as the managing director of the Stock Conversion and Investment Trust likes to sign himself, has met with small favour in the Dover "A" Market. It is all very nice, no doubt, to prove that Doras are worth 30 points above the present price, in comparison with Chatham, and to suggest that the discrepancy should be wiped out by converting Dover "A" into two distinct stocks, but jobbers in the House shake their heads over the idea. The main objection to the scheme is, of course, the low price of the stock. To "split" a security which stands at only 107 or so would be, the market argues, an absurdity, and would probably result in the creation of two stocks which would each be more unmarketable than Dover "A" in its existing form is. Mr. Spens' proposal has the merit of decided ingenuity, and must have been the product of a great deal of thought; but we do not think that there is much hope of its becoming an accomplished fact.

Metropolitan Consolidated is a dull market, its recent issue of £220,000 for building a branch-line from Harrow to Uxbridge being considered an unwise move on the directors' part in the present state of the Money Market. Districts are being left somewhat severely alone, possibly because their clique is too much taken up with London and Globes

to bother about the stock. In the Electrical Railway section, weakness has seized City and South London stock, although the company's new station at King William Street is virtually complete. New North-Eastern Consols, of which we advised a purchase at 12 premium a fortnight back, are now 15½ premium.

#### YANKEES.

"Yes," said a dealer in Shorter's Court the other day, "what we make over the swings we lose on the roundabouts." This has become the chronic condition of the Yankee Market, up one day and down the next, although all the stocks don't move together, and one can never be sure that, because Unions are good, Louisville will be going the same way. The latter have somewhat fallen from their high estate as bellwether of the market, their place having been usurped by "B. and O." and Atchisons. A lot of speculation is being done in Atch Prefs. on the dividend declaration, which was received with mixed feelings, opinions differing with the "book" of the operator. Southern Railroad shares are almost at the top prices of the year, although their companions Louisvilles, which at one time touched 90½, are, at the time of writing, four dollars below this price. Chesapeakes slowly move upwards, and, as a gambling counter perhaps these are as cheap as any in the market. We should award the first place for cheapness to Erie shares were it not for the fact that there is no "spring" whatever in them. The Preference undoubtedly look a good bargain at 38, since the line has earned enough to pay at least 2 per cent. upon the shares; but, as the late Mr. Tom Nickalls, "the Erie King," once remarked to us, "there seems to be a blight over the company," although at the same time he was a large holder of both classes of stock.

Saturday, Dec. 9, 1899.

#### ISSUE.

The Calico-Printers' Association, Limited.—The long-expected and much-discussed prospectus of this large combine, to which we alluded last week, has reached us. The share capital is put at 6,000,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each, and there is, in addition, a Debenture debt of £3,200,000 carrying 4 per cent. interest. Of the shares, 3,404,830 are offered for public subscription, 1,595,170 are taken by the vendors, and 1,000,000 are held in reserve for future issue, while the whole of the Debentures are now offered. The firms joining the combination are said to include 85 per cent. of the whole English and Scotch trade, and the purchase price has been agreed at £8,047,031. The vendors candidly admit that the aggregate profits for the last few years have in some cases been unsatisfactory, but say that the years 1897 and 1898 were ones of exceptional difficulty, and that the bad trading has been caused by the internal competition between the combining firms, which will now be brought to an end. Of course, it must be self-evident to the merest outsider that great savings can be effected in purchasing material, copyrights, designs, and the many other things of a like nature, which make up the principal part of the expense of production, and it appears reasonable to expect that the combined businesses will show better results than the individual firms have been able to do in bad years. We believe that none of the shares are underwritten, and the preliminary expenses have been provided, as the prospectus states, in the following way: The vendors of the various businesses have provided a fund equivalent to 2 per cent. on their purchase price, which is to be paid to Mr. Ernest Crewsdon, of 7, Norfolk Street, Manchester (who has negotiated the amalgamation), and is to be applied by him, in his entire discretion and without liability to account, in discharging all the preliminary expenses of the Association up to allotment. The Managing Board is composed of very practical men, with no ornamental directors, and in these days of active trade the combine starts with every prospect of having some years of prosperity before it.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

ANNUITY.—We consider you are absolutely safe in purchasing an annuity in the Equitable Life Assurance Society, or in the Sun Life Office, or in the Alliance.

SOUTHAMPTON.—All the above offices are quite as good as the Post Office Savings Bank.

A. B.—(1) Yes, if you can get an allotment. (2) We do not know the Panuco Copper-Mine. (3) There is no reason why you should not hold. The risk you run is a heavy fall in copper.

REX.—As a speculation, there is no reason why you should sell. At the price you gave, the shares do not strike us as a good investment for continuous holding.

TWO AND THREE-QUARTER PER CENT.—Neither of the concerns of which you send us the advertisements can be recommended. Buy yourself a couple of hundred Inter-Oceanic of Mexico Railway 7 per cent. "A" Debentures.

GAMMA.—Your question is very difficult to answer, and could be properly advised upon only by experts in Alkali processes. If we were in your place, we should not sell until something more is known as to the new concern.

J. T.—Very little is known in London as to the company you mention, and we cannot advise you to invest in it.

K. E. E.—The market in Aladdins is of the spasmodic kind. In the others there is always plenty of dealing. In our opinion, the Africans will probably be cheaper before there is any considerable rise, but the course of the war will determine prices. Aladdins are the sort of thing that might jump any day on a rich find, but there is no particular reason to expect such a thing.

SCOTT.—The Insurance Company is a first-rate American office, and there is no reason to be dissatisfied with the policy.

W. G.—The investments are all reasonably safe, but we do not like the Dunlop Debentures.

MRS. L. B.—We wrote to you on the 6th inst., and sent you the brokers' names and addresses.

RHODESIAN.—Assuming the reconstruction was properly carried out by special resolution, and you refused to take the new shares, or neglected to do so, you are quite without claim. If you had taken proper steps within seven days of the meeting, you could have got your share of the assets under Section 161 of the Companies Act, 1862.